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SATAN

Sy ALICE MAUD EWELL

1. Virginia - Hist. - Bacon's rebellion.

1676 - Fiction.

2. Fiction, American.

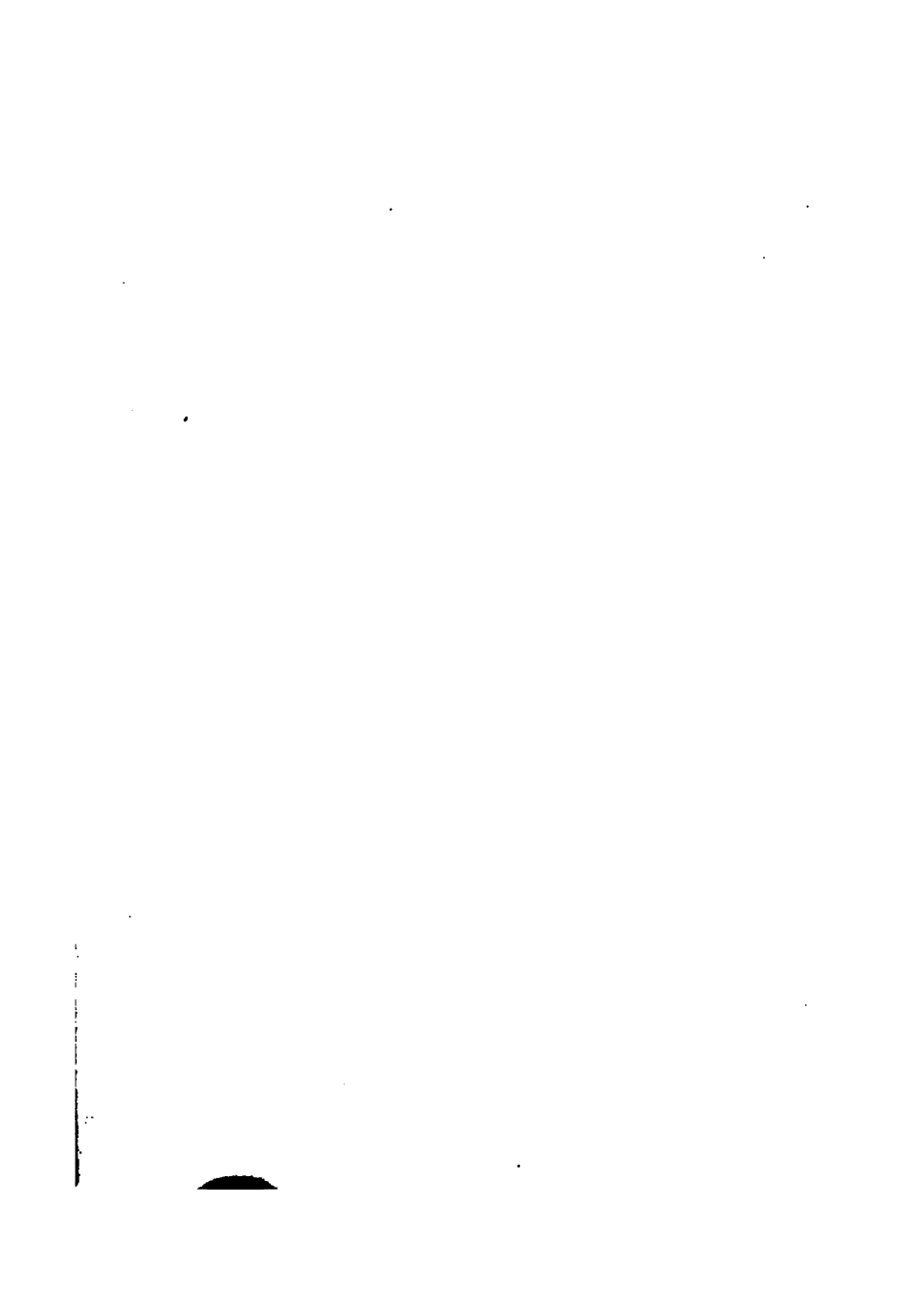
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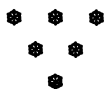
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Ewell



A WHITE GUARD TO SATAN



A White Guard to Satan

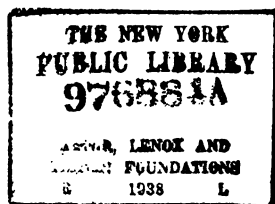
Being
An Account of mine own Adventures
and Observation in that time of the
trouble in Virginia now called
Baçon's Rebellion
Which same did take place
in the Year of Grace
1676

By Mistress Elizabeth Godstowe

Recovered by A. M. Ewell



Boston and New York
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Mdcccc
MR5



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TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN ESTEN COOKE
WHOSE HISTORY OF VIRGINIA FIRST PUT THIS
STORY INTO HER HEAD AND HEART
IT IS NOW DEDICATED
BY A
DAUGHTER OF THE OLD DOMINION



WQ R 19 FEB '36



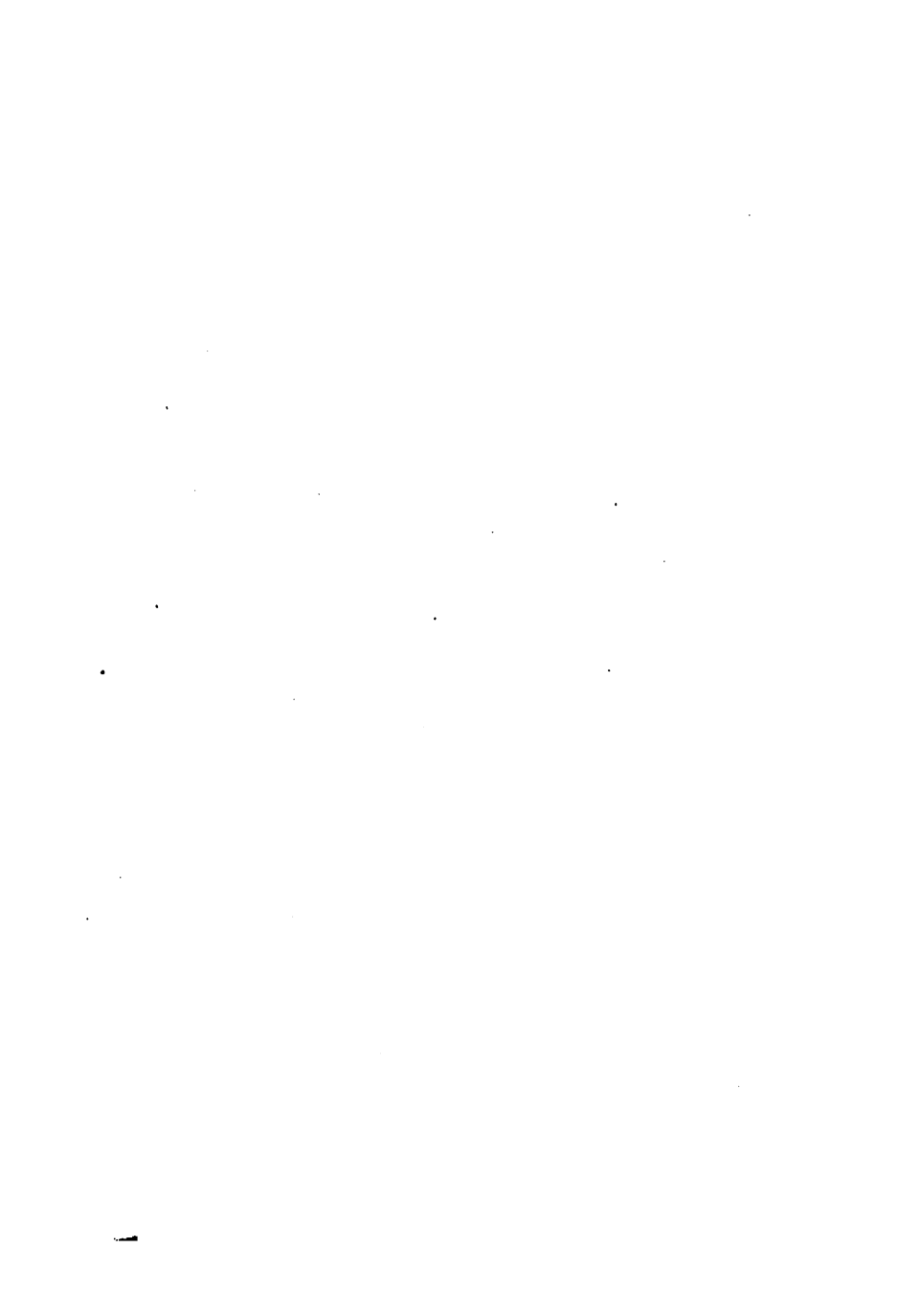
To the WORTHY READER

I HAVE oft bethought me lately of those curious events which came to pass with us at King's Creek, in the summer of that troublesome year 1676, and also have I been thinking that I would begin and set down on paper, as day by day one might find leisure for such writing, all that I remember of the same aforesaid. Truly that was such a time of trouble, both public and private, as the like was never known before in Virginia from the first white settlement of the country, nor hath been since, nor yet, I pray Heaven, may ever be again. And though several historians have writ concerning it, I

am sure there is much more to tell than will ever be wrote by anybody, and that seems a pity, for much will thus be lost to those who come after us. Now I do not mean what I so relate to be ever publickly printed. Nay, I have no such a notion, since, being a woman, —and I flatter me a properly modest one at that, besides well bred up, suitable to my station, —I do not approve of such unwomanly coming out. Yet it pleaseth me whilst I write this to think how mayhap some will find and read it many years from now, and feel themselves so brought near us who will be by that while long since dead and gone to dust. Also it may give me myself no less pleasure to read it over in my old age, when I have forgot some things that now I do remem-

ber very well. Therefore since it can not do any harm I will this day begin and tell all I know (tho' mayhap in awkward fashion and unelegantly) from one end to the other.

*This begun on the seventh day
of August, in the year 1691*



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A WHITE GUARD TO SATAN



as all who had holpen the same by so much as a finger's lifting. The truth of these latter sayings I do since, and with reason, gravely misdoubt; yet then there was amongst some of us such excitation, fright, distress of mind, and dismal looking for of evil to come as cannot be wrote down, or anywise in words expressed by me or anybody.

My Aunt Bacon, being, like my uncle himself, so warm at heart on the loyal side, and so fast set against the Rebels, was most sorely put about by this turn. Indeed she had never ceased to look on the dark side of these troublesome matters. Saith she to me, more than once, "My dear child, that this Civil War, as it is called, is the most uncivil thing in the whole world, not to say downright unmannerly, that I do know. I have seen a King's head cut off by it in my time, and why not all our own, to-morrow!" Ever since

those signs did plainly foretell the same — as the great flight of birds, the monstrous comet in the Heavens, and divers other warnings — ever since then had her talk been of nothing but ruin and disaster. And I also, for all I am not so easily affrighted, could think but soberly and with fear of that most strange flaming sight in the mid sky, like to a horse's tail as some people said, only to me it did appear the rather more to resemble some monstrous great besom of distruction. All the oldest and most knowledgeable people shook their heads at that sign, and, tho' I knew nothing thus far by mine own verification of such forewarnings, it did seem upon me ever deeper impressed that we people of Virginia might never know light heart or pleasure any more. As for us at King's Creek we were as might appear now in a strait betwixt friends and enemies, and so that we might claim

neither protection from one nor favour from the other. Seeing that my Uncle Bacon, who was also uncle to my Cousin Nathaniel the Rebel — seeing that he was not only so warm for Sir William Berkeley but was in James City with his Honour at the same time, it was small kindness that we might look for from General Bacon. To be sure there was somewhat that ought to count in our favour; namely, that Madame Elizabeth Bacon, own wife to the General himself, was with us at this very time; but even of this one could not be sure, there being reason to think that she and her husband were at odds betwixt them. And in truth this did seem the most strange happening of all that had yet come to pass — namely, that the chief enemy's own wife should be under our roof, and in the very midst of us, this time of all times in the world. But so it was, sure enough, and this is how it came about.

She, tho' at first having rather up-holden him, had of late on account of his high-handed goings on grown discontented and uneasy. And being anxious to have speech with him concerning the same, she had left his house at Curles Neck up the James River, and coming down stream to James City in some neighbour's barge, come thence by night to our house. 'T was before she did quite know of my Uncle Bacon's so strong coming out in Sir William Berkeley's cause, else had she not (I am thinking) sought shelter with us. One might guess from the first that her main wish was to be as near as possible to her husband, who, then being at the head of York River a fighting the Indians, must needs on his way back to Jamestown pass nigh King's Creek. Now 't was on a hill over against York River that King's Creek house was situate, and 't was thus that matters grew worse the rather than

better betwixt Madame Bacon and her husband. When after putting to flight the Pamunkies he came down the river road, she (having forewarning of his approach) did send a messenger to give notice of her being at King's Creek and with a desire to have speech with him. To this message she received no reply whatsoever. 'T was about the time that it must have reached him that my Cousin Nathaniel must have heard of the doings at Jamestown and of Sir William having a second time proclaimed him rebel and traitor. 'T was mayhap not strange that he hurried on instead of stopping, but 't was most strange that neither message nor messenger came back in reply to that she had sent him. It was said by all that no doubt the messenger had been pressed into service by the rebels, but 't was no less a slight to her past bearing, nor was my cousin Elizabeth Bacon one to be thus made little of and

take it meekly. Little she said on the subject, but 't was easy to see how deep was both the wound and the quarrel. Saith she to my Aunt Bacon, "I must beg you for a while longer to give a poor distrest gentlewoman shelter;" which spoken as only my cousin Elizabeth could speak it, my good aunt must needs say aye to. Truly I guessed that Madame Bacon in thus a making friends was curious to hear the ins and outs of that disagreement, only in this matter was she no wise satisfied, for the lady, saying nothing for or against, was steadfastly silent. Neither did she seem overmuch given to speech in any sort; nor come much outside her chamber, whereat my aunt was vexed; but as for me I was sure 't was no pride nor cold heart, but the rather that she was enwrapped in her own inside thought. The look on her face it was a waiting look as when one saith, What next!

what next! and for mine own part, I wondered the same.

Now before going on further I will tell somewhat concerning the place where the main events of this my tale came to pass.

About thirteen miles from James City, the house of King's Creek standeth on a high rising ground, flat atop like a table, and a half mile or thereabouts from York River. At the back it is landward, where the road runneth levelly along towards Middle Plantation and so to Jamestown; and on that side is little open ground to speak of beyond the stretch of tobacco fields. But from the front part the view is plain and open to York River with only a few scattering low bushes and the like, and to the right is King's Creek which here maketh into the river, and on this side, as also in front, the ground falleth steeply; with next

the Creek many trees and bushes. 'T is to my mind as pretty a prospect as any in Virginia, for however the Jamestown folk may brag of the noble James, 't is for both blueness and beauty no more to be compared to the York than dish-water to the sky. 'T was a rare chance when there was not some boat or barge in sight, a sailing up or down, nor had the Indian canoes ceased to glide lightly as any birds! 'T was on this river of York on the opposing side from us and somewhat higher up, that the old Indian king Powhatan had his home at Werowocomoco, and a few miles down on the same side of the stream stood the Temple Shrine of Uttamussac. As for the house at King's Creek, 't was a large one builded of brick brought over (as are most of our best brick) from England. And there were few places in Virginia, I reckon, better furnished with all proper living comforts than this. As

for the family there inhabiting, there were besides Colonel and Madame Bacon, my cousin Abigail Smith and myself—she (I do mean Abigail) being my uncle's niece and heiress, and I, for all I too called him uncle, but a cousin and of much less importance. Now my name is a good and a sensible name enough, being none other than Elizabeth; but I was called, as I always have been by everybody, never aught but Dear Child! 'T was Abigail who was most thought of as heiress and beauty, and 't was she that our neighbour, Master Lewis Burwell, and also, as folk said, another neighbour John Walklet, were over head and ears in love with. 'T was on opposite sides they fought, these gentlemen, — Master Lewis Burwell being for Sir William, while as for Master Walklet he was as strong on the side of my cousin Nathaniel Bacon. I must say for Abigail that she was no

wise unduly set up at this, tho' taking all as her natural due. I must say I had thought Master Walklet but a silent and overbackward lover. However, more of that anon, for I now come back to the happenings of that time. I will not tell concerning the battle at Middle Plantation, nor of Sir William's flight to Accomack, nor of General Bacon's next march against the Indians. All those be matters of general history, as well as the Governour's return. I will pass on to where I did begin afore, — to the coming back of General Bacon himself.

II

WE HEAR THE NEWS

*****OW the way of our first hear-
***** ing the news was this. It
***** N ***** was no other than the Queen
***** of Pamunkey who fetched
it as she did come to our landing on her
way to James City to get speech of Sir
William Berkeley afore that General Ba-
con should get his ear. Of this Queen,
as she called herself, I have more to tell
anon. Truly her late case had been a
right hard one, for since being with her
whole tribe defeated by the General and
his men she had been lurking houseless
in the woods and subsisting on berries,
roots, lizards, and so on. On her various
visits to Jamestown afore this time, 't was
at King's Creek landing she always

stopped and left her boat before proceeding afoot to the town, for at this point the James and the York rivers do run only thirteen miles apart, and for savage folk that is none so far to walk. Sometimes this Queen, as they called her, would stop at the house; but this day she went on her way straight from the landing. We, however, heard the news that she did bring quick enough, and I thought then that unless her canoe had right far outstript the fleetest horses in Virginia we should soon see as well as hear somewhat. My aunt was frightened no less for our goods and chattels than for our precious lives. Such a hiding of household treasures was there, tho' well behind our cousin Elizabeth's back to be sure, — with silver spoons, cups and flagons as cunningly bestowed as if my cousin Nat and his men was so many gentlemen of the road hard set on naught but such plunder. As for me I made

them out to be no such rogues and rascals. It did seem to me well nigh as foolish a notion as some others then spread abroad. It would seem as if folk stuck at nothing at that time concerning General Bacon. 'T was told how he had a black Devil's mark on his left breast over against the heart, and horns showing out most in sight under his fine curls, and also how his followers had one and all trampled on the Holy Book and vowed by the foul fiend (he being no other than their leader himself) to leave not a Governour's man alive in Virginia. Striving to turn Madame Bacon against such wild tales and notions I did also mind her that Master Burwell had assured us that we were safer outside the city than within. This he vowed he would make doubly sure of by the river way, should the worst come to the worst. Yet it was not likely, quoth he, that we need fear any fiercer

raid than mayhap of General Bacon's victuallars upon the pig-sty or poultry pen. And after a deal of this talk from both Abigail and myself the good lady did seem somewhat comforted.

Now 't was nigh on to sundown of a most beauteous day in the Fall Season when we first caught bruit of the danger, but tho' a right sharp watch-out, and a listening we kept we heard not so much as a horse tramp nor spied a soldier's cap. So it passed until about nine of the clock, which being our common bed-time we all betook us to our rooms, even notwithstanding, as my aunt said, we might get no sleep that night.

And that did seem to me likely enough. As for Abigail she said she had half a mind not to take her clothes off. It was she said enough to make one wild to be so cut off at such a time from even a sight of anything. Still as I undressed me, so did she, so both of

us were soon in our night-shifts; but we heard Madame Elizabeth in her chamber next us a pacing this way and that. In sooth she had been at it well nigh all the evening. But for this sound all the house was still, and there were Abigail and I saying our prayers as in ordinary when lo, on a sudden there cometh the sound of horse's feet making up shrewdly to the house door. Then there followed a great knocking, calling, noise, and confusedness inside and out. Truly my heart did seem on the instant to stand still. As for Abigail she was on her feet in an instant, slipping on her clothes with fingers fairly a tremble. Afore I had well begun the same she was out of the door. Truly it was not long before I followed her, tho' but half dressed. There was she peeping over the stair railing, and I peeping over her shoulder 't was a strange sight I saw.

Inside of the great hall door there

stood two men whom I perceived as soon as I set eyes upon them to be soldiers, only no Governour's men, as manifested by their colour of dress. There they stood looking not so fiercely but the rather half abashed, and the foremost one a swinging his cap in his hand. And from there around about them, and from the doorways peeping all down the hall were the house servants crowding agape, some half dressed, some with candles in their hands, with Madame Bacon herself on the lowest step of the big stair having neither cap nor kerchief and her stays unlaced as never did I see them before.

Then my aunt speaketh out in a sharp tone, tho' she I perceived was much inwardly quaking. "Fye! Fye!" (saith she) "this is pretty behaviour, Sirs, and at this time of night. What would you have who must needs come in aye or no on a household of women

III

MY COUSIN ELIZABETH TAKETH
MATTERS INTO HER OWN HANDS

*****O the hubbub and screechery
*****grew louder every second.
*****S***** I could see that Abigail
*****also would fain say her say,
but even as she did ope her mouth for
that saying we did hear a rustling sound
hard by us, and a breath quickly caught
in as 't were, and there stood our cousin
Elizabeth herself, hearing all. There she
stood as I looked round, mighty straight
and tall appearing, with head high up
and curiously smiling. Then on a sud-
den she, walking forward to the steps,
speaketh out loud, "I myself will go."

Then everybody, hushing his mouth,
gazed up wondering at that. Only Ma-
dame Bacon saith, "What, child, will

you in sooth! Are you not afraid of him?" Whereat Madame Elizabeth laughed and that methought right scornfully. "Afraid of him" (saith she) "nay, dear Madame, not I! Never trouble your mind about that. Stay you peaceably at home, dear lady; as for this General as some call him I will make safe the exchange. Is it not Madame Bacon that he wants?" (quoth she). "Well, Madame Bacon he shall have. Lend me your coach, I pray you, dear cousin, since gentlewomen must keep state in going abroad these fine pleasant times. Order the coach and I will soon be ready."

Well the long and the short of it was that it was so settled. Only my cousin Elizabeth, as did appear, was not the only person ready and willing to take a ride that night. It did come out that Abigail had no mind to be left behind; in sooth it was an adventure right much to her liking, and tho' my

aunt at first opposed her and well nigh forbid it outright, she did at last give in. Truly, I felt then that I could not live and breathe betwixt walls and with a roof atop of me that night, and after many prayers and urgings from both Abigail and myself, Madame did also consent to my going. So while my cousin Elizabeth was in her chamber making ready, we in ours were no less busy. As for Abigail she could scarcely stand still long enough to put on her clothes. Still she did not forget to don her new satin petticoat, and fine worked apron, for (saith she) there was no telling who one might see abroad, or, in the chance of battle, on which side. There was Jack Walklet with the Rebels, and there was Lewis Burwell along with Sir William and my Uncle Bacon inside the city, and 't was but natural that any girl should like to look her best and bravest in such a case. As for myself

it did not seem to make so much difference; howsoever, I tried to dress myself orderly. I had no mind to disgrace my company, and yet when we did come out into the hall and met Madame Bacon, I, for one, clean forgot my little poor self. For all 't was no new thing to us, 't was as if her beauty took my breath. Many a time I had been struck with it before, but never had I seen her before thus dressed and with such a look on her face. All in blood-red velvet was she, from neck to heel. As for her face 't was as if a fire burnt within her and outshone, for the red spots in her cheeks that were commonly so pale were like flame nigh above the coals, and her eyes glistened down deep within them, like a burning far off in the dark. Even the golden color of her hair had caught it too, so that it set as a fiery bright crown upon her.

But a mere little glimpse of all this

did we catch in full light of the candle, for she, folding my aunt's great cloak around her, pulled the hood of it well over her head; then she looked at Abigail right shrewdly and smiled. "Little cousins" (saith she) "would you go with me? Do you not fear to be eat up by this wicked Nathaniel Bacon?" Whereupon Abigail tossed her head and said, "Not I. 'T is as much to my mind as yours," saith she. Now I must own for myself I was not a little quaking inwardly, but thought best to say nothing one way or t' other. There was no time to lose, so we got us into the coach that was now ready and waiting with everybody to see us off. There was black old Pharaoh a driving, with Miles Faithful, and Twisty-legged Sam set up behind for our body-guard, mighty big and bold-faced, for all one could see they were precious shy of their pistols. So we got us to our places and set off

mid a monstrous clamour of farewell and commendation to kind heaven from Madame Bacon (my aunt) and all the house people.

Now I will not dwell much on our journey, tho' in sooth it was a right long one. Thirteen miles the way lay betwixt us and Jamestown; still the road was a good one and the moon was well risen and shining yellowly, showing the way and all things alongside plain as daylight. We went right fast at the first, a rolling down the long back avenue and across the tobacco grounds, and round the bottom of Indian hill (where used to be wigwams when I was very little) and so into the woods road that maketh into the big high road by way of Middle Plantation. A smart pace we kept on first starting, but after while slower and more heavily by reason of the sand hereabouts being deep and dry. So 't was abundance of leisure we had to

look around us, for ambushes, espials, and the like, and truly the darkness of the thick woods and the black lonesome places way in underneath of the trees did somewhat make me shiver. At this Abigail pinched my arm in her teasing way and Madame Bacon, perceiving that motion, said to me, "How now, little cousin! Are you now afraid? How is this?" But to this I made answer, "I am not too much afraid to go on," as indeed was no boasting but the truth. Then she was seemingly pleased at that speech and taking my hand fast in hers, "They shall not hurt either of you, little one, unless they first spill my heart's blood" (quoth she), and thus I doubt not would she have stood our part even to that extremity.

So we went along our road. As we passed through Middle Plantation which for all its big name was then but a small place of few houses, there were folk astir

and lights burning in the windows; then into the woods again, meeting no one and hearing nothing save ourselves in passing or noise of creeping or flying wild creatures in the forest. There was talk enough and to spare amongst our soldier and civil company, yet as for us in the coach, we were a deal more silent. Even Abigail said but little, whilst as for my cousin Elizabeth she spoke scarcely a word. Her eyes I could not see because of the hood pulled down above them, but still I marked that curious strange smile on her lips. Her two white hands lay on her knee clasped together with fingers tight, yet trembling now or then as if a-cold. Seeing this I wondered vastly concerning what might be coming betwixt her and her husband. Also I wondered because of this strange arrest and impression of us as war prisoners. Still I did not feel much afraid nor nei-

ther cast down, for truly it had vexed me lately almost as much as Abigail herself to be so shut in away from all the fighting and brave goings on, and I will own that my heart swelled mightily to think we might soon see somewhat of a battle. Mayhap there was also a thought of some one amongst the Rebels whom I should not mind seeing. Be that as it may, the time passed till I did all at once perceive that we had come nigh the end of our journey.

Now we had come by way of the Black Swamp they called Powhatan's and taken the turn at Green Spring Manor, so we here being about a mile or mayhap less from James City, there did begin to sound a noise of men shouting, horses neighing, dogs a barking and the stroke of axes cutting upon trees. At first it cometh afar and faint as one sometimes heareth in mere fancy, then louder as we keep on, till at last near

the river where the woods break away in front we could discern many men, some on horses, some afoot in the open road amongst the trees. Then a great big tree hard by falleth, rolling and crashing almost atop of our heads, — whereat we went on faster by reason of the danger nigh. So presently we got through the people, who some of them stared upon us mightily as we passed, into the open space next to the town and the river, where no trees grow save a few on the roadside and only bushes and wild vines here and there amongst the sand hillocks. And then it did seem to me that to sit still in my place was no wise longer possible, and so standing straight up in the coach I beheld by the moon shine all that sight before me as plain as day.

Where the road crosseth to Jamestown Island (which, truth to tell, is yet no island at all, save at high-tide when

the river runneth high), there, behold, right cross the way was a pallisade set from the water on one hand to the water on the other. It was so high it seemed to me enough to keep out any Rebels in the world, and so that one might scarce see even the roofs and chimneys atop of it; and about a stone's throw from the wood, also, athwart the way there was making, as did appear, a deep ditch or trench wherein were digging as many as could stand to it together of Rebel soldiers, the most of them right new to such business I do reckon. As they digged they threw up the earth on the town side, so that it helped with the logs there laid along to make a breast-work. And there betwixt ourselves and these diggers there was that coming and going, calling, neighing of horses, recounting of arms, and in short that brave tumultuousness as I cannot figure on paper. But what surprised me

most of any was to see ladies, some but just alit from coaches hard by, some standing on the ground under a tree, closely disposed as if talking together. Yet all this I had scant time to guess at, for that same minute I so snatched a look, there came by some men who dragged (with horses lashed thereto) a tree from the forest behind us. By them we were let, and crowded out of the way, and did come to a stop short. So then we drew breath, and looking without wondered what next might be coming. Notwithstanding there was no pause to speak of that we had for this pastime, for almost upon the very instant there rode three gentlemen out of the woods near by and looked in through the coach window upon us.

IV

MY COUSIN NATHANIEL BACON

*****OW before my pen goeth
***** any farther to tell of that
***** N ***** day's happenings I will en-
***** deavour therewith to set
down, tho' of a surety but a pale poor
shadow can such writing put forth at
best, the mien, shape, and countenance
of the foremost gentleman, for tho' many
a time before had I seen my cousin Na-
thaniel Bacon, never was I to see him
again as on this night.

He was right young appearing, of a
middle stature, or maybe some whit
more sizeable, most comely shapen, and
a graceful rider withal. As to his face
't was in feature one of the handsomest
I ever set eyes on. His eyes they were
deep set and of a right dark colour, yet

having within them a dusky brightness, as of flame flashing through thick smoke. His mouth 't was a man's for strength and a woman's for sweetness, with a stiff upper lip most prettily turned. His hair 't was black and curling, and short across a brow looking whitely as mine own or any lady's. There was somewhat of bitter pride in his aspect, yet no less of nobility. Like a soldier was he dressed with a sword and a belt beset with pistols, and a brave plumed hat upon his head. Yet in truth it was not these extrinsicals, nor yet his fair bodily elegance that would first catch one's eyes, but the keen ardour and passion (tho' deferential no less) that bedazzled us then, as it did all others that ever I did hear tell of. Truly he did bend a little toward, not as for weariness, or in a lazy hangdog way, but like one whose spirit doth by reason of hot haste out-run his earthy weight and motion; nor

in him did I ever see eyes, lips, or hands ever once still together, of that restless a humour was he. As for the two just behind him one was a man of middle age, a little keen-looking person who I knew to be Master Wilford whom they called the Indian interpreter. More than once had he passed King's Creek with the Queen of Pamunkey, on his way to do business in James City. 'T was said then they were not merely friends but lovers, those two; but of late they had sorely quarrelled, for he was one of Bacon's band that did march against and defeat her. As for the other man he was, but a comely boy, being no other than our acquaintance Master Walklet. Now all this I took note of on the instant to be sure, for my cousin Nathaniel, taking off his hat with the beautifullest courtly bow in nature, saith in his sweetest tones, "Ladies, good-evening, and welcome to you; I am pleased

to see you have lost no time. I am pleased to see you so kindly disposed towards your most obedient servant, Nathaniel Bacon."

Then I looked towards Madame my cousin, but she, sitting on the farther side of the coach in shade with head bended low, gave neither word nor look, only she pressed my arm so hard with her right hand that I nearly cried out loud. Whereupon I, guessing what she would be at, did neither myself say anything, and even Abigail sat in silence.

Then after a moment saith he on, "It goeth sorely against the natural grain with me, dear aunt, to so trouble ladies at this unseemly hour, for I am fighting, as thou knowest, only for freedom and everybody's right to choose his share thereof. Yet I am persuaded that every fair one taketh heart in the cause, and so I beg the favour of your help and presence some little while to-night."

Then I saw Master Walklet making as if to speak; the blood rushed to his face but no word came, only a little faint sound. Even this, howsoever, my cousin Nat seemed to hear, for he turning looked from one to the other, and then I saw the little grave Wilford smile slyly at the General. Upon this he (the General) said as if speaking to Walklet, "On my honour not one hair of their heads shall be hurt. 'T is only the gallant behaviour and most loving forbearance of their kinsfolk and friends on t' other side that they need fear, and I've no notion for my part to waste any more time in talking over the matter." Now with this he offs his horse in one minute and helps us from the coach most gentlemanly, yet with that forceful amotion and handling as did for all the elegance of it show how much we might choose in that matter. Surely, thought I, now he will find out; but he did not

seem so to do. 'T was "This way, dear aunt, and young ladies by your good leave," as honey sweet as you please. And thus we go in a vast hurry scurry, Madame Elizabeth still having her face well hid, to find out what was toward now. Now when we came nigh those other ladies I saw to my great surprise that they were our neighbours: to wit, Madame Gouge, Madame Page, and Mistress Betty, and Madame Batte and her niece Susannah, all ladies whose husbands and nearest men kin, like my uncle, were in the town with Sir William. And besides these were some few more not known to me, but there was one more whom I did know, for there in the midst, standing captive like the rest, was no other than the Queen of Pamunkey.

Now there they stood very dolefully and there stood we who came last and so attended by General Bacon, till catch-

ing sight of my Aunt as they did suppose, one of the ladies cried out, "Ah! Madame Bacon! Ah! Abigail and dear child, you here too! Alack-a-day what will become of us!" Whereupon others joining in 't would have fetched to a perfect clamour I do reckon had not the General waved his hand aloft with that imperious a gesture as hushed all straight way for his own next speech.

Then saith he in a high tone "Mesdames be not distressed or fearful I beseech you; not for any idle trick have I assembled you thus together; on my honour, nay, no such offence. 'T is for such help to our good cause as may be bragged on to children's children forever. I have no mind to see my brave Rebels shot down one by one and so picked off cunningly by this enemy that have withheld fair volley for volley against their defences. Now for this reason and because I make no doubt

such loyal courtiers will never in this world risk hurting the fair sex, and their own dear relations at that, I am minded you shall stand on top of the earth work yonder for some little while, keeping each other cheerful company until my digging is complete. This is in short the whole business and matter, and let's have no more ado, for the sooner it is carried through the better."

V

THE MASTER OF THE WHITE
GUARD

*****OW at first not a word did
***** these poor gentlewomen
***** N***** speak, in sooth too griev-
***** ously astonished were they
I do reckon, nor could any be without
amazement at this most unheard motion
and tactic in war. Surely never was any
such dreamt of before in all this world,
as that men's wives and near kinswo-
men should thus be set up and used for
their enemies' shield and buckler in as-
sault, and whereas some divines have
cried it up for a high miracle that many
men of blackness and sin should on a
sudden be enrolled God's soldiers, here
lo and behold a thing no less marvel-
ous, namely, that us little poor inno-

cents should be so joined into a "White Guard to Satan himself," as was said that very time by a witty person. Truly each lady had sworn in heart Master Nathaniel Bacon to be that same, no doubt. Yet most strange to assert tho' my reasonable judgment laid by a grudge for later times against this same gentleman I liked him not so ill as I ought for such outlandish behaviour, feeling the rather ready to laugh at this most ingenious turn than cry for fear thereof. As for those others, after that first pause they did begin a talking all at once and most movedly. Some wept and wrung their hands, some cried out for shame on such villainy, whilst one or two prayed help from the many gentlemen in arms that stood round about. These I perceived to be not all for this measure, yet set against interfering with the same. 'T was no use for Master Bacon to call silence and look black,

since silent they would not be. Till at last he cried out fiercely "Hang me, I am purposed that you shall all be useful for once in your lives." Now this hearing those poor ladies were as again struck dumb, only that 't was but a lull in the storm one might see, and then of all the gentlemen present again was Jack Walklet the only one who dared to speak out. In sooth his face was pale as he came forward, his lips they still trembled, but his eyes looked steadily as he cried "I do not stand by to see any lady so shamefully mistreated. General Bacon this shall live to thy dishonour I swear when thou art dust, and all thy brave deeds clean forgot. I am Rebel in thy service but no poor sneaking rogue. There is one lady in this company I must at least defend. If thou 'lt not let this one lady at least go free" —

Yet not another word did he then

get out. I was saying to myself, "Ah 't is Abigail that he means, he hath forgotten all about me." But just then even as I so thought did General Bacon break out upon him and all in such a perfect rage as never did I see before. And much as we had heard tell of a fore time concerning his cholerick temper, his furious gestures and wild words I now perceived to be but a part of the sure enough truth. Laying hand on his sword with eyes a flashing and face fiery red he stamped twice or thrice and cried out most fiercely "Damn my blood! Will you drive me mad! I will kill women, Governour, Rebels and all, and then sheathe sword in my own heart's blood!" While he thus spoke his face was but ill to look at, and those men gazed curiously upon him and at one another. Yet not a word was spoken by any body. So then he, fetching breath hard once and again, as one in

passion suppress did go on, "Is this" (saith he) "a time to stick at any shift when we are in over shoes already, and 't is over boots or hang and rot for traitors! The black death on it" (saith he). "Is not all fair in war? 'T is for nobody's hurt and a most saving measure. 'T is the very economy of bloodshed, and were it my own wife here present and serving my turn as well, she should stand up with the rest."

Now it did chance that I was standing next to Madame Bacon and lo when these words were spoken I perceived as 't were a sudden rigour to run all over her body. Then she turning her back on those other women did go up close to him and slip back her hood saying "By mine honour you shall make that good!"

Then it seemed to me as how that flame of fire where unto I had likened her beauty had on a sudden leapt up, un-

covered in the midst of us; yet showing ten fold brighter for what it had between whites secretly fed on. Besides which, as also appeared, her stature (that was of the tallest for woman kind) did rise before us as she stood, to outtopping any man round about. As for General Bacon when she so speaketh out he recoileth a step or two and standeth seeming as tho' he fell instantly into a very surprising calmness, and in a most curious listening controled way. Then he saith in a right low voice, "Elizabeth!" And then next moment taking her by the arm he would have drawn her away some little distance to where the shadow of the tree falleth darkly; but she did resist that motion. Then saith he to her short and sharp spoken "What do you here Elizabeth? or within twenty miles of this place to-night?" Where to she maketh answer in like manner. "And what do you here? most mighty General in

arms! For what lawful purpose are you before this town to-night. Question for question will I give" (quoth she) "and answer for answer! Mayhap I am lodged with better friends than those whose kindness I'd the better right to and for why I stand here to-night ask yourself! Was not Madame Bacon bidden to thy feast of Dames! Well, Madame Bacon has duly come! 'T is a new device in warfare this, for certain, and worthy of thy common use of women. And so for a true proper showing an example of the same 't is only fair thine own wife take stand with the rest of them."

Then he smiled I did think somewhat uneasily and saith he "Aye Bess, yet as thou knowest I said if it served my turn. Now that it doth not. Thou hast neither kith nor kin on t'other side for all thou seemest none too zealous in my quarrel. They would not shoot thee

any the less cheerfully I reckon for the sake of thy dear husband. Are we not one" (quoth he a smiling so mockingly again) "till death us do part? Shall I set up myself for defence of mine own defences? 'S death! Unless thou art more anxious than I think, to die for me, I should advise thee to give up the notion."

Now she had caught hold of my hand as we stood and just here I had most cried out for the pain of that grasp, and in a right bitter speech she breaketh forth, saying "And why not death for me? Do you grudge me so much favor Sir? Is such as this too kind for your pleasure? Do you like slow torments better? And would you keep this part of your mighty self alive to play penance for your own proper sins? 'T is only a choice; I warrant, betwixt come soon come late, and there are worse ways than a bullet through the

heart. As well kill the body and have done, as the heart's love that maketh life worth living. When you did scorn my council and leave me alone wearying with a thousand fears it made small difference to me whether alive or dead. Would you have me go back to Curles Neck?" (quoeth she, and laughed a bitter laugh.) "In sooth it was a cheerful staying place. The screech owls under my window, and the wolves a howling near by told of no good to come of thy doings. Even while outwardly upholding thee I told thee at the first this is ruin for thee and thine. But go thy ways for me backholden as thou art by neither love nor law." Now hearing her so speak he did seem to waver a moment, then he taketh on a sudden her hand in his and he looketh in her eyes with a strange drawing look and with a smile upon his lips and he saith in a right low voice "Bess!" and 't was as if all lovingness

in this world and all tenderest kind of speech ever uttered were mixed and mingled together in that one word, so marvelously sweet spoken it was; and I dared not look into her face then, only I perceived that as she stood still as any stone her breath it came to her hard fetched like the wrestling of storm wind. But before long as one awaketh from some binding spell of witchery she did push his hand away, and for all her voice shook a little she said mockingly "I have not forgot the winningness of that tongue, yet I swear you must buy the surrender of mine own with dearer coin than speech."

Now this hearing he looked but darkly and turning upon his heel said 'T was no time now for women's chatter. "Go as you please for sooth or stay" quoth he, and had nigh turned his back in haste and anger. Howsoever, Madame caught him by the cloak and held

him fast and she said to him "If I go free wilt thou release and set free with me all these other women? Wilt thou do thus much for thine own honour and my sake?" Where unto he maketh reply in brief saying "Not I, most kind and loving wife. I see no reason as yet to change my purpose in fetching them hither, and that's the long and short on 't."

Then quoth she "Good!" and a standing with head high up and proudly speaking she went on "Then as I live, say you yes or no, I will stand with the rest of them till sunrise."

VI

I GO ON AN EMBASSY

*****OW I did somehow fancy
***** that he was not so much
***** N ***** displeased with this, but he
***** turned on his heels short
***** and sharp. "As you will" (saith he), and
so he turned to those other ladies there
waiting. In sooth they had been right
curiously looking and listening, but he
giving no time for either questions or
answers did give command that one of
the ladies should set off instantly for
the Town to acquaint her own and the
other's kinsmen and friends with this
business. Now 't was surely a right
strange and uncommon scene there un-
der the trees in the moonlight, as those
gentlewomen this hearing stood there
and looked hard at each other, as if to

ask which shall be the one! It was only the dusky Indian woman in the midst that did seem neither to know nor care what was toward. There stood she, head and shoulders above the rest in her mantle of doeskin and her high head gear, with the face as of one who despised alike both Rebels and Loyalists. In sooth 't was but few words that passed that she could understand, nor was Wilford the interpreter now beside her. Once I saw their eyes meet but in little kindness. There was Walklet too, with look bent on the ground under knitted brows and biting his lip. There were those other Rebels all around about, and there was the General as he glanced from one to t'other smiling mockingly. It was like a dare, that smile. I wondered if all were a going to take it. I had most spoken out myself in answer when Abigail getting word first crieth out loud and eagerly saying, "I will go!"

Now strange to say, General Bacon took this offer but coolly. Perhaps 't was by reason of somewhat he did know of Master Burwell.

Being of a contrary turn, mayhap he had no notion to give that gentleman any pleasure to-night. I did perceive as 't were a curl upon his lip, as he did look first at her then away; his eye roaming round the company did chance to fall on my little poor self, and some way I did know 't was to be me.

Now I will not tarry to say what this choice of me called forth. 'T was no time to have over clear remembrance of afterwards. I mind me of Abigail's vexed look, also of a clamour from the gentlewomen near. "She will be shot in her tracks!" (cried they). I remember how my cousin Elizabeth cried out that she herself would go, and how that offer was refused. Also, I do remember a murmur from some gentlemen near, with the word "*Shame*" low spoken.

The next thing was Walklet once more stepping forward. What he was going to say I know not. 'T was as if he would speak, yet stood hesitating. In truth I had been proud of him more than once that night. I did know that Abigail thought him but a slow and tame creature compared with another she did know. Howsoever I saw her just now give him one look that that other himself might have envied. As for me I did not wish aught more said on my account. 'T was as if strength not mine own came to me then, and I said out loud so that all might hear "I am not afraid to go."

Now I could see that the General was mightily pleased at this — for turning on me a smile quick as lightning "Is it so (crieth he) Now 't is a brave little wench and a fine spirit, by the Lord Harry. Had I but five hundred such in men's bodies at my back there might be times

ahead." (Then quoth he), "you shall not be hurt I swear! I will go part way with thee myself and that under flag of truce, which same (went he on to say), we must e'en make shift to borrow in this fair company, for in sooth we Rebels keep none such on hands." So then I offs with neckerchief but he said, "Nay sweet cousin that is too little, take off thy apron" saith he, and I did as I was bidden. Tho I could but think it a strange use for my poor pretty cut-work and stitchery. Then the General charged me with my message, saying as before time concerning those ladies "In the fore front shall they be placed this hour or more to come, and on the most kind withholdance of their own blood kin hangs their safety." (Then adds he in a low tone) "Now as for the one lady who hath no such claim, and who will stand up 'gainst my will for her own pleasing, you are not the maid I take

you for if you say aught concerning her." So with that I said good bye to my comrades in distress, with a kiss from my cousin Elizabeth at parting and we lost no more time in setting off on that embassy. I was holpen across the logs and the fresh digged soil of the breastwork by several gallants crowding for that pleasure; then General Bacon taking hold of my arm walked beside me making great show of the white flag that he had tied to a staff for that use. Till presently he did give it into my hand a bidding me pluck up heart for there was naught to fear. Whereupon he turned back and left me to go along by myself. But it did seem that after all I was not so to go, for even as he did so turn a strange thing happened, for I looking over my shoulder did behold there beside me the tall dark form of the Indian woman.

Now what had set her mind on the

notion of going with me in sooth I know not, but there was she, and perhaps by reason of being took so by surprise not even the General himself did forbid her going. Truly 't was only one strange part of that most strange time and all but as a dream together. And yet so well do I remember that same that I can shut my eyes this very minute of writing, and sense the way of it all over again — even to the night wind a blowing against my hot face, and the sand crushing under foot and the buzzing noise in mine ears sounding lesser behind and greater afront as I drew near the town. 'T was as if the moon herself was vastly bigger than common and stooping all astare. Truly I felt as if all the sky and the earth besides were made up of eyes, yet tho' abashed was not afraid, I was the rather possessed by a kind of merry madness such as might scarce keep from bursting out aloud.

Howsoever I minded my manners and went gravely, so as not to disgrace my breeding. By my side did stalk the tall Indian woman saying never a word but keeping on her way. 'T was no such long way at most tho' as to whether five hundred steps or fifty I was then beyond counting, neither could I have told whether 't was minutes or seconds that passed before we stopped close up under the Pallissade. So there I heard a great clamour on the other side of voices little and big, loud and low, and one earnestly a speaking out as in commandment somewhat. Then for a moment's space my two knees shook under me so that I caught hold of the Indian woman, and then in a twinkling lo and behold! the great gate had oped and shut again behind us, who stood both myself and the Indian Queen inside of James City.

VII

A ROYAL GOVERNOUR

SO there was I on the other side of the Pallisade and surely in the strangest company and in the very strangest pass that ever little poor girl did come to before in this world. Still I held on by the Indian woman. For all her red skin she was still a woman at this time. And I looked round about me as clearly as I could for the glare of torchlight in my eyes to see if I might see 'mongst the hundred faces crowding nigh so much as but one to me known. And looking thus earnestly upon them I truly thought to myself that these loyal defenders of Jamestown were but a right wild and outlandish crew. 'T was a marvelous mingling of gold lace and

dirt topped off with bedraggled plumes a floating, and such as did surprise me even in such a moment. So there stood I in the midst of this strange crew, who began to cry "what" and "how's this!" and "what come you for little mistress!" and such like. But 't was not to such as these that I had come to give that message. 'T was to Sir William himself that I must go. Thinketh I to myself how shall I ever get there? Shall I ask one of these creatures to conduct me thither? They seemed hardly such folk as one might trust in sooth. So it chanced that I was still standing trying to make up my mind which one I would ask to take me to Sir William, when lo! whom should I spy coming towards us but Master Lewis Burwell himself. Now at first sight of me he stood saying never a word, only staring as one in a maze. Whilst as for me at first sight of him standing there my heart did

swell for very relief and joy. Scarcely could. Abigail have been more pleased I reckon. Truly a right comely-tall and noble appearing young gentleman was he in his soldier's dress, and with sword by his side. But had he been the ugliest person in all Virginia 't would have been the same with me. Why the tears should have come I know not, but a few rolled down my cheeks, and this perceiving what doth my young gentleman, but come running towards me with both hands out stretched as if to snatch me bodily from that place. Then cried he as he took my hand, in a low voice of anger, "What! Mistress Godstowe, what is this?" Then looking at the Indian Queen and those others round about he went on to say "Is this possible? Mistress Elizabeth Godstowe, one of the ladies of the land most honourable, here at midnight in such company, and in such a case? Now, by heaven if this

be Bacon's doings he shall smart for it, I swear!" Now the only word I could speak was to beg him take me at once to Sir William Berkeley. Mayhap as we go, thinketh I, I can tell him some what, yet now I could not have spoken to save me. So next minute I did find myself going along by his side through the straggling street of the town.

Now I will not stop to tell of our discourse by the way, as we went with dogs a barking and townsfolk staring after us. Truly 't was no wonder they stared, I reckon. In my hand was still the white flag and by my side still walked the Queen of Pamunkey. On the part of Master Burwell there were questions enough, and I fear me but wild answers on mine, yet I do think that before we reached that place where we were going he had got pretty much the sum of the whole matter. At the mention of Abigail I did hear him swear

one oath, low under breath that was all, but I knew then that e'en had he not been loyal before he would be so now to the end.

So we went on our way till we came to a big house with many people coming and going through the doors, this same house being no other than the town Ordinary where Sir William and his Counsellors were making head quarters to-night. It being near the defences, was by that reason more convenient than the usual place of assembly, and it was here that Master Burwell fetched me on his arm to the large upper room where these gentlemen were talking together.

Now it was a sizeable room but meanly furnished for the company there gathered. On a table in the midst were waxen candles burning, and many papers of writing scattered there about, also red wine in decanters and drinking glasses. As for the people who were

mostly old and middle-aged gentlemen, some of them I knew and some I did not. There was our neighbour Master Page, also Master Bray and Colonel Gouge. Also I spied my uncle's face among them. Howsoever only for one in the midst had I eyes just then, him I knew to be the Governour, Sir William Berkeley. A right ancient appearing old man was he, dressed all in black velvet from head to heel as becometh the King's Governour, his high office. By his side was a sword. His face 't was like a hawk's for sharpness and cruelty, with yellow skin a sticking to the bone, yet somewhat majestic it was no less, with eyes bright and fiery keen as any at one and twenty years old, for all his hair as white as wool.

Now there were they all a talking mighty loud and fierce and his Honour the loudest of any, but at sight of me handed in by Master Burwell and so

strangely attended by the Indian Woman there was all at once a dead silence. As I made my best courtsey to them all, I heard my uncle say "Dear Child!" in a low voice and most surprisedly. But I courtseyed again, and saith I "'T is to his honour, Sir William that I am sent."

Whereupon my uncle tried again to speak, but Sir William Berkeley stayed him with a wave of the hand. "Sent" (quoth he) "and by whom, child, in God's name? What may be the meaning of this?"

Now I must own I did shake a little as I made answer. "General Bacon, Sir," but he made no reply. He did but stare strangely. Whereupon it did seem to me a good time as any to say my say. So leaving Master Burwell and my other companion behind, I standing forth in the midst went on to give my message. All the substance

of that matter I did relate, both what was done already, and what might be done more. When I recounted (all save one) the names of those ladies so made use of, lo! first one gentleman and then another there a listening cried out "My wife! and mine!" Or else mayhap "my sister!" (or) "my daughter!" as the way of it might be. Whereupon they stared at one another amazedly, saying not a word as they who look for the sky to tumble next. It was only Sir William who spoke at last. And he patting me on the head and laughing like one crazed, in that way as made my flesh creep said "Never mind little girl! never mind! Thou hast been vilely used by these Rebel Knaves, but thou shalt see them hang. 'Fore God, I swear it! Thou shall see them all hang in chains!"

Now I could not but shudder at this, and quoth I, "God forbid, Sir," where

upon he looked strangely upon me, saying, "Oh, aye! 'T is ever the way with the female sex. They care not for such sights even in a fair show of justice. Well, well, my dear" (quoth he), "have thy way, 't is more ladylike to be sure. Thou shalt not see them 'gainst thy will, but they shall hang for 't all the same." Then he made me tell all over again that matter and message, and when 't was done, a turning to Master Burwell, who, standing 'gainst the door, had as yet spoke nothing at all, then quoth his honor to him, "Shall we not hang 'em, Master Lewis! Come, come, shall we not pay them well for this!"

Now in sooth I thought Master Burwell none so sure of this matter. 'T was with a heavy look and a dark frown betwixt the brows that he made answer, tho' smiling a little at the same time, "With all my heart, Sir, if we be not ourselves shot beforehand."

Now at this I perceived His Honour not at all pleased. "How now!" (quoth he); "what do you mean, young man?" Whereupon in spite of the warning looks of several elder gentlemen near, Master Burwell did go on. "What I mean, Sir, is this" (saith he). "That they are more like to shoot us than we are to hang them. What I mean is this. If that same General Bacon as he calls himself, if he had known to-night what the first turn coat runaway can tell him, or maybe hath told already, concerning our numbers and our strength, why, sir, I am thinking he might have saved his credit both for gallantry and war. If any thinketh me a coward let him prove it on my body. I will fight in this cause as long as any one. But what can one, or two, or three, be they never so stout in body and will, avail with but hireling valor as we have to back us? Go and see them with your own eyes at the bar-

ricado yonder. A pretty force and garrison, forsooth, for a Royal Governour. The scum of the river and the off scour of the last English ship, mixed with the lame and the lazy of Jamestown. I tell you, Sir, there's something gone wrong in very truth, when the best of the land be thus turned to the wrong side. Have we Loyalists all got to be slaves in mortmain? Do we hold on too close to old, ancient, rotten laws? Might not we, Sir, do well to consider these questions? A mighty plotting and planning we are keeping up in here, Sir (each one so set on saving his own precious belongings), and a mighty use 't will serve when trial cometh. Surely, Sir" (saith he) "had I been half hearted in this quarrel I would be whole enough after tonight. Never fear my falling off. I'll be ready enough to flee with you down the river, or mayhap into the swamps, when the worst cometh, but in faith I had rather first

have a better chance at fighting than any we are like to see."

Now what more he might have said I know not. I was thinking that he had somewhat more still in mind, but just here his Honour brake in, calling out most fiercely in a very great excitation of rage, and stamping on the floor, with arms a flinging hither and thither, said in a shrill voice, "How now! What sort of talk is this? Do you look to be beat by such traitor knaves? Doth not this present business prove them to be also cowards? 'T is a trick, too, less cowardly than rascally. 'Fore God, young man, — or any of you here, — if you fear to be shot by any such poor rogues so saving their whole skins behind women's petticoats, ye may go put on petticoats yourselves. What! shall I fear such as these, who am the King's Governour with the King himself at my back? Shall I not stand my ground for the

King's majesty in me upholden? You say of me mayhap, he is old! he is old! You think me doting out of my wits, but for all I am three score years and ten let any traitor in Virginia take heed to himself."

With that he looked round about upon all of them, such a look as might fairly cut out the secret thoughts of their hearts; and I, taking note of these gentlemen, saw them gazing foolishly and in silence at one another. I did see my uncle making forward as if to speak, but no chance on the subject in hand did he get by reason of what happened next. All this while had the Indian woman stood, silent and still as any marble image save for turning her head to look first at one speaker and then at another. In sooth 't was but few words spoken that she could make head or tail of I do reckon, but she had not come for naught that time. When that pause came she did

seem to know as by woman's instinct that her chance had come. As we all stood there a looking I did see her leave my side and step forward in front of Sir William. Truly a right stately figure was she as she stopped and stood there in the middle of the room. I thought of all I had ever read and heard concerning the old King Powhatan her forefather. Never a word spake she, only she took from her head the tall head-dress of feathers and did cast it upon the floor, as also her doeskin mantle, like as if she fain would show by so doffing these emblems of her royalty how she had been of late discrowned and despoiled. Next she did crouch down and shivering all over draw herself together as if to show how she had perished with cold and hunger. Then she kneeling down before the Governour did raise her right hand and point towards the Rebel Camp, then clasping both hands

together look up at him (Sir William) as if imploring vengeance on her foes. In sooth if Sir William himself had planned this to befall at this very time it could scarce have served his turn the better. I saw his eyes glister as he looked round. He did seem again about to speak, but e'en as he began there did come another interruption. This time 't was the opening of the door, and lo, who should rush in but one of the house people who from eavesdropping had learned what was in the wind and run off to see what was toward across the Pallissado? He did now come running back to tell his tale. "There are all of them a-standing there" (cried he) "and I saw them! I saw their white aprons in the moonlight as they stood all arow atop of the breastwork for all the world like pullets on a roosting-pole!"

And in the silence next following I wondered to myself if Madame Bacon had indeed stood up with the rest.

VIII

I AM ESCORTED BACK TO KING'S
CREEK

*****OW concerning what did
 ***** happen the next day after
 ***** N ***** this, or for that matter the
 ***** next several days, I could
 ***** make but a poor showing and relation
 — for my remembrance of the same is
 strangely confused. 'T was as if the
 smoke of the fight that morn when the
 Royalists were so beaten, and the smoke
 of Jamestown burning afterwards, as we
 sailed away down the River in Sir Wil-
 liam's ships, — 't was as if this had got
 into my mind's eyes past rubbing out,
 when I would clearly see that time.
 Also 't was as if I had fallen from my
 top bravery that night into some pit all
 full of evil bodings. Whichsoever side

might now win, I did now perceive what loss there must be on t' other side. I did see all the sad badness of this business; in sooth what chance was there to forget thus much, with Master Lewis Burwell's black brow there a facing one?

Now the question came up of the disposal of me. As to my companion, the Queen of Pamunkey, she had also gone aboard with us; but had by her own request been put ashore a few miles down the river. Once more in the woods she was safe enough, — but there was I, — and Sir William would have kept me with them on board ship and carried me to Accomack. I own 't was a sore temptation to go. I am not so brave as some folk, and tho' 't would seem to outside view that the King's men were in right bad case, there was one at least in that company both young and strong enough to be a safe protector. Mayhap 't was by reason of my being so near

akin to Abigail that Master Burwell was as one akin to me. He, like Sir William, was very pressing for me to go with them. When I said I thought it was better for me to return to King's Creek, my Uncle did agree; but those other two (to wit, Sir William and Master Burwell) would not at first hear on it. Casting a look at Master Burwell I did see on his countenance the blackest look I had seen there yet. As soon as he could find speech with me out of hearing of those ancient gentlemen, he did give me his reasons for the same. "Surely" (said he) "'t is best and safest for thee to go with us. Now, as for Mistress Abigail, if thou thinkest that I have any notion of leaving her, either, at the mercy of Nat Bacon thou art very much mistaken. If a plan of my own do not miscarry you shall both go with us to Accomack. I think thou knowest Mistress Dear Child (saith he, taking my hand),

that to the spilling of my heart's blood I would defend that young lady. Now if the two Madame Bacons could not save themselves we may surely look for small kindness to others. I do not deny danger here; for what can one look for on such a wild-goose chase as this? What can one expect with doting gray beards at the front and hireling valor to back them? But come triumph or defeat" (quoth he) "let any take care how he offereth insult to me and mine."

Now this hearing I made a courtsey and thanked him, but saith I, "I do think 't would be, on the whole, better for both me and Abigail to be with Madame my Aunt at King's Creek." Whereupon he looking at me cloudily said, "Mayhap there was a more gallant defender on the Rebel side," and I could not but smile at this, for I knew he meant who but that boy John Walklet. More than once had Master Burwell

shown himself to be right jealous of this same young Rebel gentleman. Truly neither was Abigail above playing with that same. Still I did not feel bound to explain either her preference or mine own. For my part 't was no gallant on either side, but rather the desire to see and hear what was toward at home that made me willing to go back at any risk. Now as for Master Burwell he did say a good deal more, but afore we had finished that conversation he too had come to think 't was best to leave well enough alone. When we did sail that same even out of the River mouth into the Bay it was he who did contrive a way for me to be put ashore in York County, which being done at York Town (they durst not venture higher up), I was left under safe conduct to make my way back to King's Creek. Little I knew what had come to pass there, I trow; 't was like venturing into the Lion's mouth. For

lo! what doth appear next day when, weary enough from a long horse-back ride behind the ancient man in whose care I had been so left,—what doth come to light but that the house had been seized and turned into a Rebel fortress!

Now I will give only in brief an account of my home-coming that time. The surprise of it on both sides,—the talk and telling and so-forth,—would fill more pages than I have time for. My good Aunt had not hoped, said she, to see me again in this world, for, besides being herself a prisoner in her own house, she did scarcely look for any to escape the murtherous malice (as she now called it) of the Arch fiend Nathaniel Bacon, Junior. Having gone so far against women, how much further would he not go! I could see she was both glad and sorry for my coming even whilst weeping a welcome o'er me. One could tell

she did think I might better have stayed where I was. As for Abigail, 't was plain she took another view of the matter. In sooth to be right in the midst of the warlike goings on, either on one side or t' other, was what pleased her best of anything in this world. But I own as I looked about me and saw what I did, the great cannon, one on either side the front door-way facing riverward, the guns stacked in the hall, and sentries even in the gardens and Pleasance to challenge everybody that might pass, — as I saw all this ado I did a'most myself wish myself back even halfway cross the great Bay to Accomack. Howsoever, there was Abigail to keep my courage up; besides which I must own there was enough fighting blood in me to make aught pleasanter, at such a time as this, than mere dull seclusion.

Ne'er before had there been such a time as this at King's Creek, I trow,

since its name was changed christianly from heathen Chiskiack. As I bethought me then and after 't was right strange that nobody with Sir William had thought of such a seizure as this being possible. There could be no better place for a fort than this same, the house standing, as it did, so high, overcrowing not only the York River but the land on its three other sides, and not only so situate but so strong in its self that a dozen men might hold it 'gainst a hundred. My Cousin Nat was not the man to lose sight of these advantages as he passed by on his way across York River to quell the rising of Berkeley men in Gloster County, nor neither was he one to stand back for being his dear Uncle's Nephew. They were thirty or so men that he had left behind for a garrison, under the command of Captain Whaley and Lieutenant Walklet. Where (without stripping bare the whole plantation)

would the cooks find victual for so many ? This was all my aunt's cry, and indeed 't would appear a deeper question than e'en the whole neighborhood would answer ; let alone our own poultry yard and piggery. They were civil enough fellows despite their appetites, and I reckon no prisoners of war were ever treated better than we, but for all that 't was no wonder my poor Aunt did not enjoy being in such a case. There were we, including Madame Bacon, Junior, and the maids, as well as my Aunt, Abigail, and myself, all the female household, in short, crowded upstairs, with the biggest and best rooms below given o'er to soldiery. Our best parlor was their guard-room. Saith my poor Aunt, " Alas, for the new furniture but one year gone fetched over from London." In the dining-room we (taking our meals like children upstairs) might hear them clattering knives, forks, and dishes, and *Ha, Ha-ing* three times

a day. From the drinking songs that did come up to us now and then I misdoubted if there would soon be any of my Uncle's wine and brandy left, either best or worst. Altogether it was such a time as I will never forget to my dying day.

Now to make all plain enough I must go back a little and tell concerning my Cousin Elizabeth Bacon, in a right strange case indeed, held, even as we, a prisoner by her own husband's men.

IX

I HEAR VARIOUS TALES

*****WHEN I came she was already
***** there, having come back the
***** W***** morning afore with Abigail
***** in the coach, even as they
***** did go. Very pale was she now and in
general silent for all at first right glad
to see me. 'T was as if the fire of spirit
that had flamed up so brightly that night
was on a sudden burnt down to white
ashes. Only in her black eyes it did
spark up still now and again, and her
head she held high as ever. To all my
questions concerning what befell that
night she answered readily enough, but
the name of General Bacon she never
spoke at all of free accord, nor durst I
ask her anything here. Plenty of talk
on that subject had I with Abigail, but

in sooth as appeared she had been too much taken up with her own self that night to know much concerning those other two. What with the seeing of Walklet and the not seeing of Master Lewis Burwell she had not much eyes and ears for aught else. "If aught more had passed" (saith she) "betwixt the General and his lady 't was more than she could tell." When I did ask concerning what passed betwixt them at King's Creek at the time of his stopping to take possession I heard that they had not even so much as seen one another. He had, to be sure, asked for his lady; but the rather as if 't were an after thought than aught else. When the message was brought him that she could not then come down, being busy (said she) in her chamber, — when this message came he did both smile and frown right curiously, and swearing an oath softly under breath he turned to Captain Whaley, saying,

“Look that thou keep her safe, and with the others out of mischief.” Then he mounted his horse and rode away, even as he was now—belike—riding and raiding in Gloster County. And this was all I could learn of that matter.

Now after this there was but one other left for me to ask for, and that was my poor Indian Queen.

But in sooth, none at King’s Creek had either heard or seen aught of her.

And so, the hearing and telling of my home-coming being done, I settled down with the rest.

Then there passed by a space of time—many days that now, looking back, seemeth to me the most trying of all—a space wherein we heard scarcely more concerning the Rebels in Gloster than of the King’s men way off yonder in Accomack.

Now and then a Messenger would come down the river from West Point,

where was another Rebel Station, or mayhap from Green Spring (where was still another), with dispatches for Captain Whaley. But 't was little of such dispatches had we, for he was both a rough and silent man, not any wise such as one would like to pester much with asking questions. As for Master Walklet, Abigail made free enough with him, and even I was minded sometimes to try the same. In spite of my good Aunt's admonitions to the contrary, I had not forgot how he stood our friend that night. More than once I tried speech with him, but so shamefaced and down-looking was he now at very sight of me that I let him discreetly alone, even as Abigail herself soon began to do. "Truly" (saith she) "I can make no more out of him than were he a stick or stone. 'T was as if he took to himself all the shame of that midnight business, and durst not look any woman so made use of in the

face." Even I was a bit put out at such faint-heartedness. I like not men over bold, God forbid, but I fancy no girl thinketh more of a man for blushing and looking down at sight of her. So for all my curious wonderments as to what was toward, I did soon let Master Jack alone. As for the two Madame Bacons, they heard no more of direct from their husbands than Abigail from her gallant gentleman, Master Burwell. From such wild rumors as came to us we gathered one thing; namely, that the King's-men across the water were no less active than General Bacon himself in gathering men and means for a fresh trial of strength, and this no end of fighting, but the rather the lull in a storm, when one holdeth one's breath wondering what next. Truly we looked for no such thunder-clap as presently came. I had bethought me of a-many endings, but never that — for towards the end of Oc-

tober month what doth come to us but the news of the death of General Bacon!

'T was twisted-legged Sam that first fetched word of it from the landing one evening. Now as for what he told, 't was this (being that afterwards commonly agreed on by all), namely, that 't was a violent fever sickness that carried him off in a few days' time from the first taking to his bed. Also 't was said the same fever of body did but naturally spring from his own fiery heat of mind and cholerick humor concerning the opposing of him, and the coldness and falling away of them he had counted on at that time. Nevertheless before his final departure (the frenzy of the fever breaking way) he had made a most seemly pious end, with consolment from the Prayer Book, forgiving and begging pardon of all. Likewise 't was told how that he had been most hurriedly and in secret buried, but one or two knowing

where. And that Master Lawrence and his comrades had betaken themselves none knew where.

Now 't was inside of the hall door that Twisty Legs did stand to tell his tale. Truly all in the house might have heard the same I do reckon, for being himself thick of hearing he gave nobody credit for better ears than his own. Yet had he cried the roof off atop of us I had scarcely noted the difference between shouting and whispering (I reckon) so struck and mazed was I by what he told. None of us did think much of that loudness till afterwards when my Aunt went up all alone (for it chanced we were both downstairs when we heard) — went up to tell Madame Bacon.

Then I sat on the topmost step trembling all over me and one might have heard a pin drop, mongst them in the hall below whilst my Aunt went up; but lo! when she tried the chamber door it

was locked fast. So she knocked once without any answer. Then she knocked again twice and thrice, and the third time of knocking there came a strange sharp voice from the inside (so strange that I had most sworn I had never heard it before), saying, "I have heard," nor would she open the door or say aught but those three words. Even when my Aunt had gone away, when I did creep very softly and knock once again, the same sharp voice cried out, "Who is there?" and when to that I made answer, "Dear Child," she only said, "go away, I have heard." Then it did seem as if not even for the sake of trying to give comfort, had any a right to trouble her further. So I went back to my place on the stair.

As I sat there in the half dark I did hear the voices below, as one who heareth talk in a bad dream. For, as I said afore, many things had I thought of, but

never this thing that had come to pass. Presently Abigail came and took her place beside me: "It doth seem" (quoth she) "a dreadful thing, but after all 't is for the Loyalists a most fortunate turn and a judgement of God in their favor." Now I knew what she said to be true enough, and yet I own as I sat there beside her, a listning in the half dark to the men talking below, my heart was nowise loyal and joyous. Tho' I knew this thing that had come to pass would be esteemed by many, even as Abigail did say, a most fortunate turn of matters, and tho' I was thankful if peace might be any sooner restored, still for the very sudden dreadfulness of it, 't was as one seeth a very bright fiery star fall and go out before his eyes into black darkness forever. He had ever been pleasant enough to me (my Cousin Nat), even on that last strange time of seeing him whereof I have told. Nor whilst I now pondered on such a death could I feel aught

but pity even if such pity were misplaced. 'T was a death not in the heat of battle, as he would doubtless have chosen, and yet one scarcely less sudden and painful, and for such ruin of high hopes and bold stepping ardor who would not say, "Alas!" As for her so locked in yonder, alone with grief and misery, I knew not what to think or do. Nobody having heard that so strange voice could doubt that she had in sooth loved her husband. However wild and wayward he might have been she had loved him as methinks only women can love. Alack-a-day! 't is bad enough when two so sworn to each other do fall out and live apart, but for one so to die without sign or word exchanged, this is e'en (thinketh I) past weeping for. 'T is no wonder (thinketh I) she keepeth silent. As I sat there in the dark, with the men still talking and Abigail whispering by my side, I presently fell a-weeping myself.

HANGMAN TREE

NOW in most Histories of
 that time it would seem that
 this death of General Bacon
 was the end of the Rebellion
 so little is made of what came afterwards.
 But in sooth I have other memories of
 this matter, for it was by no means the
 end with us, nor indeed was this the
 case anywhere. When full a week from
 that time there came to pass those events
 which be the most strange of all I have
 to tell, King's Creek was still in the
 hands of Captain Whaley. Also at
 West Point up the River from us, and
 likewise at Green Spring Manor house,
 the Rebels still held their own. On the
 day after that news aforesaid Captain
 Whaley did send a messenger up River

to Captain Ingram at West Point and receive a reinforcement with command to hold King's Creek as long as might be possible. There had been some fighting in Gloster (as would appear) in which the Kings-men got the best of it, for several prisoners were taken; but Sir William still durst not venture up York River. Some of his ships were hovering nigh the mouth ready enough for a clear coast, but not yet ready to run the gauntlet of the King's Creek cannon. Now and then we would hear of a landing in one of the counties below and mayhap some skirmish or capture, but Sir William was grown suspicious of all Virginia, it was said, and on the lookout now for treasons and ambushes everywhere. He would nowise trust himself or his precious men on shore yet awhile. So the furthest up river any of them did get yet awhile was for the hanging of Wilford.

Now of that matter I will now proceed
• to tell, for it hath much to do with the
turning of this tale.

'T was that Wilford, the interpreter,
of whom I have afore spoken and of
whom much was said both then and
after. He was called a very valiant man
amongst the Rebels, tho' little, and no
less knowing than brave. For all his
wild and roving life in Virginia, spent
half among Indians and various outland-
ish folk, he was said to be of gentle blood
in England as well as gentle school
breeding. 'T was about a week after my
Cousin Bacon's death that he was taken
prisoner, and Sir William himself being
then at Accomack he was carried across
to him. Pretty soon, along with some
others, he was sentenced to be hanged.
When it came to Wilford's turn 't was
told that he, tho' never backward about
daring both steel and bullet, had so little
stomach for a halter that he did try

the following plan to get his sentence changed instead to imprisonment. In an interview with Sir William he did name the Queen of Pamunkey as one who tho' not on the Rebel side would be willing to give much for the saving of his life. There had been in former days, as did appear, a great friendship or mayhap love betwixt this Queen and Wilford, who did used to spend much time with her, not only in her town on the Pamunkey River but in all her comings and goings elsewhere. When just before the Rebellion brake out she appeared before the assembly for the pressing of an old claim of hers, who but Wilford was by her side to interpret! We had a sight of them both as they went and returned by way of our landing, and I mind how brave was the Queen's appareling and how stately she did carry herself as one well worthy of the blood of Powhatan the old Emperor. 'T was

right soon after that time that she fell out with Master Wilford by reason of his joining the Rebels. Considering that he was one of them who under General Bacon marched against and so defeated her, 't was no wonder that for a while her love did turn to hatred. Now Sir William, who was ready enough for men or money from any source, so 't was for use against the Rebels, did comply. So consenting to this plan he sent a messenger some way to her in the woods of Pamunkey, now the only shelter that the Rebels had left her. For all 't was a letter writ by Wilford himself that this messenger bore, it did seem that her heart was no whit softened towards this false friend, for in sooth she returned no answer but this. Saith she, "Let them that have left me neither men nor corn, neither wigwam nor wampum, let them hang as even they would have me starve, and this is my answer." So that mes-

sage being carried back down to the River's mouth where the ship waited with Wilford aboard in durance, those in command upon it did no longer hesitate to put an end to the matter. I am glad to think that Master Lewis Burwell had no hand in what next befell, for it did always seem to me a right dastardly business. Instead of taking the prisoner back to Accomack to be orderly put to death, they sailed up the River stealthily by night and putting a little way into King's Creek they did land there, and on a great tree which groweth upon the high bluff overlooking both Creek and River they did hang the man, and so go away leaving him (a rare cheerful sight) to greet our eyes next morning.

I mind well the time when I looked out and saw him. We had a far view from our upper windows from that side, and the leaves were well off the trees by this time. 'Twas a red sunrise that

morn when I, but just risen, looked out to see him black and stark against it—a sight that left me small stomach for my breakfast. 'T was a notable tree they had chosen, being not only a great big one and standing alone as well as high situate but one that had once afore been used for that same purpose. 'T was afore my Uncle bought the place that a pirate had been hanged in chains atop of that same tree for a signal warning; but e'en to this day I tell of the rusty irons were still there, with a few bones in them, all a clattering in the wind. It was always called Hanged Man Tree. Now as to this second hanging, in their haste to be away the loyalists had but strung poor Wilford with a rope to one of the lower branches. On his breast was a paper pinned with words scrawled thereupon reading thus: "So shall it be with all Rebel rogues." Both a warning and a dare it seemed to all that garrison. In

faith we saw some white faces as well as black looks that morning, and a strict watch they kept from that time. After much wonderment and talk under the tree, we women a watching from the windows, Captain Whaley did give command for the body to be cut down and then and there buried. And this being accordingly done, that was the end of Wilford. On Sir William Berkeley's list of the Rebels who were hanged he is set down amongst them that suffered at Accomack, but tho' there sentenced with others the place and manner of his taking off was such as I do here relate.

Now to go back to my Cousin Elizabeth. On the day after that news of her husband's death she came out of her chamber composedly, with a face death white, yet also calm as death itself. Down stairs did she go to seek speech with Captain Whaley and was privately closeted with him a long while. As to

what passed betwixt them I did not then hear, but was afterwards told how that she was urgent for Walklet to be sent with her across the river on a certain errand. Her desire was this. To go see, and hear for herself all the ins and outs of this matter which had lately befallen. Tho' it seemed unto me that she had scarce forgiven him even in death, she was by this wish consumed as by a fever. As for Captain Whaley, he was himself eager enough for news but would fain have her wait for a day or two more. "Surely (saith he) a writing will come from Lawrence or Drummond, or they themselves will come to tell all." So consenting to this she awaited yet uneasily and with the hunger of her eyes growing each day more and more. In sooth, the look in them as she looked away across the Gloster Hills was almost more than I could abear. On the fourth day, having heard naught, the Captain

did himself grow too impatient to abide any longer. 'T was more than he could do at such a time to spare Walklet, but there was one Captain Jarvis whom he did choose above all others to be her escort. Truly he was one well worthy of such choosing, I reckon, a mighty silent yet no less courtly gentleman. So my Cousin Elizabeth consenting thereto they lost no time but set off together. Being rowed across the River as it were secretly, and one evening after night fall, they did begin their journey. I had heard enough of the Loyal temper of the Gloster folk to make out 't was a right dangerous enterprise. So secret had they been that not even my Aunt knew what was toward and even I then only guessed. In sooth I was one as 'twixt hawk and buzzard at that time. I did scarce know which side I wished well to. After this going what happened next was the hanging of Wilford, and after that we did

hold breath indeed. By latest accounts Sir William was still in Accomack, a staying to strengthen his forces, but Kings Creek being furthest down river of any Rebel stronghold might expect him first of any. Truly 't was no wonder that Walklet appeared both pale and grave that time. But in spite of our watching and waiting 't would seem invasion was coming rather from the other world than this, for the next thing we heard to set tongues a wagging was the talk of the ghost on the bluff by Hanged Man Tree.

Now 't was as I do remember the third night from the time of Wilford's death that this ghost did first make its appearance.

It was Twisty-legged Sam who first caught sight of it. 'T was just afore bed time that night when he came a running into the kitchen near speechless with the fright and his eyes fairly gog-

gling in his head. So being asked what the matter was at first he could not fetch breath at all, but being comforted with elderberry wine he made shift to tell at last the tale. Even at first he made it longer than I have space for, not to speak of adding to the same each after time of telling, but the long and short of it was that coming from the stable houseward he had chanced to look out toward the bluff and there close under Hanged Man Tree, what had he seen but a sure enough ghost!

Now he said it was a white thing and monstrous tall being no whit less than nine or ten feet high. He said it did float in the air this way and that and round about that place with its arms so wildly waving above it. And much more he told concerning this terror, to the vast amaze of everybody. And some believed and some did not, for Twisty Legs was the rather over given

to such wild tales, which did not always turn out gospel true. Howsoever my Aunt Bacon said she had heard tell of more incredible things and everybody, even the scoffers, thought somewhat or other must be in it. Everybody had his own notion concerning the matter. 'T was told by some how that pirate's ghost had on former nights and at certain times of the year haunted that spot. Others thought it much more like to be Wilford's own spirit keeping watch over his own new made grave. Howsoever this might be a mighty talk went on concerning it, and a fearful looking for of further appearances nor did we look vainly, neither was it only Twisty Legs who saw that sight. Night after night first one and then another caught glimpse of the same. There were, to be sure, some of the soldiers who said Tush! at mention of it, nor would Master Walklet do aught but smile unbelievably.

From the top of the house they were now keeping watch both up and down the river, yet as appeared the sentries saw no such figure. Yet all the same the talk and telling did go on concerning this matter. There was one of the redemptioners called London Jack who making light of it vowed 't was nothing but some old white horse or mayhap sheep astray. Could he but get hold of it (he said) it would soon prove the same by its screeking. Yet as Twisty Legs told him there was never horse or sheep that ever he heard tell of ten feet high. And all misdoubted that he was truly so bold as his brag. However all who had seen it did not say it was so tall but some contrarywise very short and little. Some said one thing and some another, yet one and all agreed that 't was a very dreadful thing, inso-much that the cold chills ran adown their backs and their hair stood up to

behold. Truly we found this ghost no little drawback to the household business for nobody durst hardly step out of doors after night fall, or even up stairs and down — and 't was ring and call twenty times to get one of the maids away from the kitchen fire. Truly that was a time of ghostly terror.

XI

A GREWSOME MEETING


 OW it was nigh a week after
 the departure of Madame
 Bacon when somewhat I
 am going to tell came to
 pass.

'T was on the even of that day that
 London Jack did come back from our
 landing where he had been for some-
 what or other and slyly hand me a bit
 of folded paper. "'T is for Mistress
 Abigail" (quoth he). So Abigail being
 then upstairs I did quickly run up with
 it to her. What was wrapped therein
 was not signed but as soon as I had
 catched sight of it I knew it to be Mas-
 ter Burwell's hand of writing. Soon as
 Abigail had read the same she handed it

to me. This was ever the way with us in receiving of letters. As to this one, 't was to this effect, making in brief the request that she (Abigail) would that same night secretly meet him at ten of the clock and at no other place than on Hanged Man Hill.

'T would be hard to tell what Abigail did feel on reading that billet — whether joy or fear, I know not which was uppermost. In sooth I think in these days her heart was somewhat divided betwixt Master Burwell and another. Tho' I cannot yet tell which one I did like the best, I was well enough disposed towards our gallant young Loyalist. I had not forgot his kindness of late to me and was right glad of the chance to see him again. Full well I knew that Abigail would have me go with her. Truly I was ready enough both to see and hear, but for such a place of meeting, when I thought upon that it did seem a fearsome one in-

deed. As for Abigail she was one with as much courage for most things as any man I do reckon, but for ghosts, when it cometh to them 't is not women alone that do sometimes hold back here. Despite all aforesaid reasons for going I could see she had half a mind — even after I had told her that I too would go — nay more than half a mind to give it up. 'T was after all I do reckon more the very fear-someness of it that tempted us the most. Howsoever that may be we did at last make up our mind to the adventure.

'T was half past ten o' the clock when we did set out on that errand. My good Aunt was an early goer to bed, and by this time fast asleep, as were likewise the maid servants, a wearied with their day's duty. 'T was well for us that my cousin Elizabeth was safe away. Even as it was, I was sorely puzzled as to our getting forth from the house without discovery. 'T would be more than possible

I knew to get past the out of door sentries; but for the one in the hall below, 't was another matter. As for the back stair, free to us in day time, it was locked on the outside at nightfall. We could not go down that way, neither had even Abigail a mind to risk her neck climbing out o' the window. As I said before I was sorely puzzled; but could see that Abigail was not without a plan. She was ever a maid of make shifts, if needs be. Well, at last, down went we, in our stocking feet. Saith Abigail, "Let all who are sleeping, sleep on." 'T was so quiet, save for snoring, that even the sentries themselves would seem a napping, both indoors and out. Once well past the house sentry our coast would be most clear. Howsoever, when we did get to the stair-foot, there was he, wide awake and writing of a letter. Abigail was, as in common, the one in front. As she paused there a bit hesitat-

ing, the man looked up, (and 't was as I did perceive) Lieutenant Walklet.

Then quoth he in some confusion, "Mistress Abigail!"

Whereupon she made answer, "Master Walklet!"

I saw his eye stray past her unto myself behind. Then saith he to her, "Can I do aught to serve you?"

Now I felt as 't were Abigail's courage a rising. Quoth she very boldly, "You may ope the door, and let us forth awhile."

Now at this he knitted his brows, though the rather as one distressed than angry. "As thou knowest (saith he) that is against my orders. May I, at least, know why and wherefore you would go?"

Then I perceived that Abigail did feel herself to have the upper hand. Sitting down on the stair foot, she began putting on her shoes in right leisurely fashion.

“’T is a plain question, and such as deserveth a plain answer (quoth she) so know you that we would see the Ghost.”

Now, with that, he oped his eyes wide; but seeing she did but nod and smile, he threw back his head and smiled himself like the boy he was. Then I saw his looks once more stray past her to myself; but saith he to her, “What! the Ghost! Is it so brave you are, Mistress Abigail, or so curious? Will you not at least tell me this, before I open the door?”

Now I felt sure that Abigail did not expect so much opposing spirit in him; but she made answer coolly enough, as she did tie her shoe string, saying, “Mayhap ’t is a little of both.”

Then he looked at her gravely, and methought this time suspiciously.

“Is it *only* the Ghost thou wouldst see,” quoth he.

Now, thinks I to myself, how to get

through this business without telling a lie! But Abigail, as in common, had her answer ready. "Why, who else but the Ghost should it be, Sir?" saith she. At that he blushed, looking confusedly, first at her, then at me. Whereupon she, perceiving her advantage, rose up with an air majestic.

"Master Walklet" (saith she), "it may be a foolish notion, but the foolishness of maids is well known. If I and my Cousin are minded to take a walk abroad 'tis the first time I have asked such a favor of you. That we, — who once could go abroad all day, are now (for privacy's sake) forced to go at night, is more your fault than ours. Let alone the Ghost, we would breathe the air outside without being stared at by Rebel Soldiers. Prithee, open the door and let us go."

Now my own cheeks did burn as I saw the dark red that came all over his

face at these words. As without more ado he oped the door, he bowed low, and saith he, "I am sorry I cannot offer to go with you. That these are troublous times for ladies to go alone at night, thou knowest. If the sentries out yonder trouble you," (saith he) "prithee refer them to me." And with that he shut the door softly behind us.

Now I will not dwell on that going. 'T was a cloudy night, not dark, for the moon was in full, but with the rather a grayness as of latter dusk all round. On that southern side where our way led lay the garden, and there also, as well as on t' other side, was a sentry posted under the great pear tree a standing in the midst. Both for fear of him and also of the dogs that might be awakened we were stealing softly behind the lilac hedge at one side, when taking a peep at the man we perceived him to be fallen on the bench at foot of the tree as if asleep. After this

we went more boldly tho' still with due caution, and presently having climbed with some scratches over the wall we did find ourselves in the field that stretcheth half a mile or so toward Hanged Man Hill. 'T is but barren ground and waste, for the tobacco land lies further back and more sheltered. Here be only wild broom a growing and scattered thorn bushes and brambles. As we went on they did make in sooth sad work with our petticoats, but not till after did we take note of that. Both with eagerness and fear we went. Abigail had not lied to Master Walklet. 'T was in truth not only Master Burwell whom we did want to see. If here were indeed a ghost I think we were both ready enough (for all a bit afraid too) to catch a glimpse of it. Still your spirits are fearsome things for maids to encounter alone, and we were not anxious to see our ghost too soon.

'T was a very quiet night. Save our

own footsteps, and the river and the breeze making in from it, there was not a sound astir. And save from the house behind a faint light and some afar off still fainter, way across the river on the Gloster hills, there was as aforesaid naught but dusk all around. Never a white thing did we see either floating or walking. Still as I went along I began to think, with the shivers adown my back, of all they had been a telling indoors lately concerning the ways of Spirits. I thought how my Aunt had told how one time a ghost in a lonesome churchyard did catch hold of one who had over boldly ventured there, and lo! its hand was burning hot and left a red mark upon him till his dying day. Also London Jack told how he knew a man once in England who in like venturesome rashness on a haunted waste did hap to the same punishment—only with this difference, to wit, that the ghost his hand

was so icy cold and struck such deep coldness into him that no fire could ever warm it out any more. A many more things had they told, and so busy was I a thinking of them as well as looking to see some white thing appear that when at last some what dark instead did come rushing towards us what did I but give a shriek and cover my face with my hands.

Now even as I myself so cried out I did hear somebody else scream even louder than I. That this was Abigail I knew; for all a bit ahead of me it proved her not so very much the braver. By the time our voices had died away I did hear another. It was no other than Master Burwell's and sounded methought vexedly.

“What's the matter” (saith he). “Do you not know me, Mistress Abigail?”

Whereupon I letting fall my two hands and looking at Abigail did perceive her a doing the same thing. But

for the first in my knowledge of her she stood as one who could not say one word. "Is this the way you welcome friends, Mistress Abigail?" (quoth he). Then at last finding voice she said tho' still quakingly, "I took you for the ghost."

Then I saw him, e'en in the half dark, both open his eyes in amaze and show his teeth in a smile. Then there seemed as 't were a sudden softness to come over him. Taking Abigail's hand in his he did say very gently, "If we stand here too long in the open we may both be ghosts afore morning. 'T was too great a risk mayhap for me to run, this way to meet thee, but I'd waited too long to stand still longer. Come under the tree" (saith he, and e'en as he spoke he did stretch out a hand to me also) "come quickly, but as we go you can tell me about the ghost. Is it the old one, I pray you, or one new?"

So he still holding our hands, we went

to the tree which I now perceived to be near—a standing black and tall and wide spreading against the gray sky. By myself the blackness of it and the thought of what had twice happened here would have struck cold to my heart, but somehow I minded now not e'en the new made grave below, nor the old chains clanking above. For all I was not Abigail, nor Master Burwell some one else that I did know, 't was a warm hand and a strong there holding mine own. As for Abigail herself she had all at once fallen silent, and if I am not much mistaken as we did so go along, I a telling and he laughing about the ghost—if I am not much mistaken, she did feel in her heart what 't would be to have always such protection.

Now concerning the place where we now found ourselves when we were got safely under the tree, 't was at the very top of the bluff with two sides falling

steeply, one towards the river and one towards King's Creek that here maketh into it. 'T was up this Creek a little way that Master Burwell had come, his boat being now moored there below. On that side was a dense thicket. Likewise round the tree itself grew a many scattering bushes and beneath were jagged rocks sticking up. 'T was on one of the last and not far from a certain heap that I knew to be the grave of Wilford — 't was on one of these rocks that Abigail took her seat, and I also sat down beside her whilst Master Burwell standing with his back against the tree trunk, stood looking down at us.

Then (I know not just why) we did all fetch a long breath and there was silence for a space. Seeing his eyes were upon Abigail I did mayhap wish myself to be a little further off. But there was I by request, and there was I bound to stay at any rate for the time present.

As I said before, there was silence for a space. Then saith he, with a long breath presently, "Well! and how doth Mistress Abigail Smith now like the taste of Rebellion? Hath she as much courage as when we last parted?"

And to this she made answer that she liked not being a prisoner and perhaps he would say had small courage left. "But" (saith she) "Master Burwell, I have still some hope."

Now I could not see his face plain but his voice seemed not ill pleased as he made reply. "I am glad" (quoth he) "to hear it. Keep up what courage thou hast, and as I live the hope shall not be disappointed. Now that the arch traitor is gone the rest cannot long hold out. Faith, he hath stolen out of life in a manner well befitting that Jamestown business. But for that I could wish he had at least died in fair fight, poor fellow! But so perish all dishonourers of gentle-

women. 'T is pity he could not somehow wipe out that blot afore quitting the page of life — but 't is ever such men as this that women do like and look up to most. I must not forget him to be besides thy kinsman."

I was somehow glad that Abigail made no reply to this, for I had no mind to hear discussed my cousin Nathaniel. So bethinking me that we had not yet asked for my Uncle I did so. Whereupon he went on to tell us both not only of him but of other matters. They were, he told us, now gathering forces to put an end to this whole business — Sir William and my Uncle at Accomack, he in the lower counties on this side. 'T was slow work saith he, but he would soon make it sure, so far as King's Creek was concerned anyhow; for that being the first point to be attacked, he himself was to lead a party against it.

Now at this he was, I think, once

more disappointed in that neither of us spoke one word. For myself, strange to say, I did scarce know whether I felt glad or sorry. My heart swelled high, I own, at thought of being so delivered, but at thought of some of them in doors it sank down again. Truly, at thought of Walklet's trust in us at this very time my cheeks did scorch. If I do not much mistake Abigail's did likewise. I was glad he could not tell us the night of their coming by reason of its being not yet appointed. And when presently he did go on to ask Abigail concerning the garrison, its strength, numbers, and so forth, I did feel right glad, when once more covering her face with her hands, she spoke not a single word.

Now that seeing he stood up straight with his hands behind him and so paused for a moment, Then saith he, "Art thou then one of them? Truly I am out of my reckoning indeed," quoth he. "And

who is the happy man that hath converted Mistress Abigail Smith to the Rebel side ?” Then still seeing she made no answer he went on still more sarcastically, nay ! even with rising passion in his voice, “Who is he !” (he cried) “Is it the bear Whaley or the Spaniel Walklet ? If ’t were Jarvis ’t would be at least a gentleman, but he it seems is squiring another dame just now, — or at least would be had I not made sure of both.” Then seeing us both start at this and look up he paused, and breathing hard would have said I know not what but for something happening that very moment.

’T was a sound of footsteps coming up the hill from towards the creek, a stumbling and rustling amongst the dry leaves as they drew nigh — and as I heard there did flash across my mind on a sudden the meaning of another sound I ’d catched some moments back.

Was it not the noise of a boat pulled ashore on the sand and whom had it fetched to spy upon us ! As to Master Burwell he had not (as appeared) heard that first sound and at the second stood staring with hand upon his sword hilt. All three of us held breath, I trow, as there came slowly forth from the bushes a man and stood looking there upon us.

Now it did seem unto me that there was somewhat I did know about this man, and yet I knew him not. As for the figure of him, 't was as an old man, bent and shrunken ; yet for all that he looked not truly old. His face we could not see, for the hat pulled low over it, and the collar of his great cloak pulled up. He was breathing hard and heavily, from the little walk up hill, as one doth from a long race ; and he also held his hand on his sword.

Then saith Master Burwell, short and sharp to him “ Who are you, Sir ? ”

Yet that other made no answer to this. He stood looking from Master Burwell to Abigail and me and then back again to Master Burwell. Low under breath I heard him say, "Ah!" and then again "Ah!" Yet 't was as if he scorned to say another word. Howsoever, upon Master Burwell saying again, — and this time with a threatening gesture, "Who are you?" he did speak out in sudden fierceness, and drawing his sword, said "'T is one who fear-eth not thee, nor any other man."

Now! 'T was with that voice, as with that man himself. I knew it, and yet did not know it. 'T was as some sweet instrument that I had heard before — now broken and out of tune. Yet in sooth small chance was there now to marvel at this. Master Burwell's sword was out, and 't was steel to steel a clashing. Heaven knoweth, who would have been killed or wounded next, but for

what did next befall. 'T was I, who saw that white thing first. My breath had seemed before this well nigh gone; but it came back to me now, as 't were for a purpose, for I staid their hands by shrieking out, "The Ghost!"

I have since bethought me how 't was no wonder I screamed, for that shape that did come gliding toward us was not such as one seeth every day or night either. 'T was of the tallest woman's stature, and in the half dark looked so much taller that 't is no wonder some did have it ten feet high. On the lower part of it did appear — as 't were a drapey; not so much a woman's skirt as somewhat tied and hanging straight down. On its upper part was a white — or white-appearing mantle, over which the black hair wildly down streamed. On the head was a high head dress of some what that stuck up and waved. 'T was, indeed, a high head that bore it.

As for the face, in the twilight that I could not see ; — but the hand uplifted, as she came forward — this was also, of a motion and gesture so majestic, that 't is no-wise surprising that those men fell back and let their swords fall to their sides.

Now concerning what next befell there is much confusedness in my mind. 'T was not ghostly fear, indeed, that first possessed me, for I did some way perceive it to be after all no Ghost ; but the rather a human woman, and that no other than the Indian Queen. Still, let alone the strangeness and terror of this scene, there was about it all some what of awesomeness. Truly the creeps did run up and down my back bone. I mind how we stood there staring all in silence, till this new comer brake it with some strange words. Then she seemed to wait for an answer ; but none came. As she did pause I saw the stranger man

— on a sudden — stagger as one overcome by faintness, and lean against the tree, as if to save himself from falling. Also in this silence, we could plainly discern the noise of voices and steps approaching up the hill. I mind how it then flashed across me all at once that this was no safe place for Master Burwell. The same thought did, I suppose, strike him also, for even as I waved my hand to him with a cry of Go! go! he did make a sign to us to do likewise and slip away into the bushes towards the river. 'T was just as two other men did come hurry-skurry up the same way as the first and rush up to him leaning 'gainst the trees — 't was then that the strange woman brake forth again. With one hand lifted skyward she did point with the other towards the grave of Wilford. As to the words she spoke, I knew they were in the Indian tongue but the meaning of them I did not know. For

the tone of them, 't was one of such high grief, such self-reproachfulness as never had I (or mayhap anyone) heard aforetime. Abigail was already a-plucking at my sleeve. I did know 't was time for us, too, to be a going, and yet to save me I could not but tarry awhile. What at last brake that spell, (for 't was even as a witchery-spell) was a sound of footsteps coming from houseway. As I did begin to run what did both of us do but stumble full against a man. At sight of him I own I did feel like running off any whither, so 't was into the dark. But Abigail did drag me on. There was naught possible but to put a bold face on 't and brush past — but I own my heart was a-beating, for 't was indeed no other than Master Walklet himself.

XII

THE NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN THOMAS JARVIS

(WROTE BY REQUEST) OF HIS JOURNEY
WITH MADAME ELIZABETH BACON, IN
THE YEAR 1676

***** I ***** HAVE been lately much
***** pressed by a certain fair
***** friend of mine to give an
***** account on paper (as I have
***** done many a time by word of mouth) of
a certain expedition once made by me.
Now being no scholar but the rather
more of a plain soldier, more given to
wielding sword than pen, I do fear me
that this will be too hard writing to be
very easy reading. Many doubts have
I on this point, yet 't is for pleasuring
the fair sex so one can at least but try,
and if one faileth, there is at least con-

solement in the fact that it will at least never be publicly disgraced by the light of print.

Now in regard to that lady concerned since another hath said much I will e'en begin by saying little ; but thus much I must say 't was no small thing for me to be thus Madame Bacon's companion and escort. It was esteemed by me, and still is, an honour the greatest of my life, for that lady being not only the wife of our Chief, but one whom I did ever much admire and look up to, I was proud to be so trusted by her as well as by Major Whaley. Mistress Godstowe hath also told how we set off together after nightfall. By this time it had become fully known to us at King's Creek that the temper of the Gloster men had turned against the Rebellion. Tho' Lawrence and Drummond, the two friends most with him at that time, had (most strange to say) not appeared, it

was told that had not Bacon died when he did he would of a certainty have been taken prisoner. As for those others aforesaid, it was said by some that they too were either captured or else foully murdered. We had heard of many surprisals, captures, arrests, and so forth, so it was well to go by night and that secretly. Being rowed in safety across the River we took horses, which same I had secretly fore-engaged and set out on that journey.

It was at the house of one Major Pate that Bacon had died and I having been more than once in Gloster County, and more than once to that very house, was supposed to know the way. 'T was fifteen miles or so inland over a rough road at best, and at worst no road at all, but the rather a mere bridle path through the woods. 'T was a dark night and cloudy. As we went along, up and down hill, now riding abreast, now with me in front, to part the overhanging bushes, or

as 't were feel the way, I did think I mind
a many strange thoughts. Truly it was
a time of all times that ever I did know,
to call forth most serious meditation.
As would appear our business under Ba-
con had sorely miscarried and some way
the shades of this night did seem to me
more than commonly to forth shadow
evil to come. It did meseem that
night that every screech owl or crying
night creature did cry Beware! Beware!
Every tree standing solitarily on every
hilltop was as a gibbet with its horrid
burthen black against the gray night sky.
When I bethought me of one secretly
buried not long since and how his bones
if discovered might even yet so hang on
high, I could not but wonder within
me what might be the thought of the
lady there a riding at my side! As the
story of their estrangement hath already
been told I will not dwell on that mat-
ter, since in sooth the distressfulness of

his death in such a case needeth no pointing out by me. That this lady's affection for her husband (despite such unhappy estrangement) was of no common sort one might perceive. But as for her present grief 't was of that mysterious a dignity that I ventured not to break by any speech. Strange to say it did seem to me, even as Mistress Godstowe hath also hinted, that notwithstanding both her grief and her present desire to find fresh food therefor, she had not even yet forgiven her husband that last affront at Jamestown. Truly it was an affront so great to all womankind, so unknighly a blot on his otherwise fair fame, that I could not but think what a pity his death so untimely had so cut him off from all chance of wiping away the same. It was the greatest indeed of many pities. As for this our late attempt it seemed clear enough to me that by his death our cause was indeed lost. But strange to

say I had a foreshadowing of somewhat stranger than all yet to come to pass.

We had gone I suppose about eight miles on that way when there befell the first happening of my tale.

As I said before the road was in part but a bridle path through the Wilderness, and yet e'en that while it lasted was better than none. All that read this narrative may therefore judge of my dismay to find that I had someway lost it. And 't was while wandering as in a bad dream a trying to find the same that we came upon that whereof I am going to tell.

'T was as I have said before not dark, being a moonlight night though cloudy, and as we were making way slowly through a hollow much overgrown with holly and myrtle bushes and such undergrowth we did behold as 't were a clearing. In the midst were some tall pine trees and in the midst of the same

was an ancient looking hut of logs. What did first make me aware of it was the light as of fire shining through holes in the roof and cracks in the wall. Now one would think a place so decayed both doorless and windowless, yet both door and window there were, not only shut but as 't were tight and close as if new nailed together. In the window was no glazing, 't was but a shutter of boards through which no gleam could come any more than through the other. As we drew near the place in silence (save for our horses' footsteps) and with never so much as a dog's bark to greet us it did seem the abode of mystery — and in sooth I'll be hanged if it did not seem breaking a spell for me to call, halloo!

Well, as I listened after so doing it did seem to me that I heard voices speaking low, but there was no answer, neither was the door or window opened. And this being the case there seemed

naught for 't but to call again. Howsoever, strange to say, as I did so what did come to pass but the going of the light right out, as 't were on a sudden clean extinguished by a sudden drench of water. Truly there was then a dead silence as 't were a very hush of mystery. 'T was indeed somewhat to fill one with a kind of fear, so mayhap it was no wonder that as I was riding up to the door Madame did reach out her hand and pull me back.

Then saith she "Master Jarvis would you wilfully run into danger? How know you whether you go to meet friends or foes?"

Then saith I, "Truly I do not know, but in either case my dear Madame can they not answer a civil question? I will not quit without at least knocking at the door and asking the way to Master Pate's."

Now I was making another motion to go forward when she drew my rein even

more strongly than before. "Master Jarvis" (saith she) "as my escort I command you to run the risk of no such danger. Tho' for my own part I fear Royalists no more than Rebels I do not choose to be either delayed or left to go my way alone. Think you at this late day and on this side of the River to find them aught but a party of Sir William's men ? If aught else but common thieves this is what you will find them. And Master Jarvis" (quoth she) "I both command and beseech thee to ride off and let us seek our way alone."

And in sooth what could I do after that speech on her part but even as she bid me ?

Now I will not dwell on what befell 'twixt that adventure and our coming at last to the house of Master Pate. Though we lost no little time essaying to find the path again, it was found at last. So after much wandering in woods and

thickets we did strike again into it and going a mile or so further come in sight of our journey's end.

'T was a sizable house situate in the midst of cleared fields and on a ground somewhat rising — and as I had once or twice before been there and found most hospitable welcome, the sight of its lights a shining cheered me not a little. As for Madame, I do reckon that her main thought at first was of somewhat that had lately there befallen. After one start and one breath hard drawn she was silent, a looking straight before her. There were dogs here in plenty to bark as we did ride up but for all their clamour as we dismounted not a human soul did we see or hear. Tho' now past midnight there was noise of talk and laughter inside, and in sooth so loud was this that my knocking on the door was no more answered than the blowing of the wind now a rising gustily without. 'T was not

till trying several times that I did try the latch myself, and finding it give way to my hand, saith I to the lady with me "Come you into the hall at least Madame, while I seek further for a welcome." Whereupon she being in, with the wind shut out behind, I went forward. There were two doors one to the right hand and one to the left. As I laid my hand on the door to the left hand room, the one whence those sounds aforementioned, I do mind me of a sudden thought of danger. It did flash across me I own that even tho' Master Pate himself was a friend, here might be others less friendly; but in sooth I was nowise prepared for what followed — for as I oped the door and stuck in my head the first eyes that met mine whose should they be but the eyes of Master Lewis Burwell.

Now tho' in sooth there were half a dozen others there with him, seated at

the table in the midst a playing at cards he was the only one I seemed to see plain. As he sprang to his feet the rest of them did look around, but I had eyes for none but this same fiery young gentleman. That I had walked into a trap indeed I did now perceive, and that too far to draw back.

For a space there was silence. Then saith he, a striking the table, till their wine glasses and bottles rattled — Saith he, “ Another ! ”

Whereupon seeing ’t was too late to go back — I stepped boldly forward.

“ Aye, Master Burwell,” said I “ by your good leave ’t is another.”

“ Is it a prison or a rope you want most, Master Jarvis ? ” saith he in a most mock-polite and lofty tone.

As he spoke, I did feel some how as if Madame came close behind me, though as ’t were still in shadow, a listening.

Quoth I — “ You are very kind,

Master Burwell; but as happens, 't is only the Master of the House whom I will trouble for accommodation. The only thing I would ask of you is briefly speaking this. Can you tell," quoth I, "where Master Pate is?"

Then saith he "Most certainly I can. In Gloster Jail, Master Jarvis. Will it please you to join him there? Or to stay here and enjoy my hospitality? I am now in charge of this place until Sir William Berkeley's further orders — and shall be most happy to accomodate you."

Now at this there was a laugh from those others there a listening. As they presently stopped I did open my mouth to speak — but before the words were out there was a rustling sound at my elbow and there beside me stood Madame Bacon.

Never shall I forget the dignity of that lady's carriage and look then. If

't were not for making my tale overlong I could tell what I even then noted, — as how her riding habit did become the majesty of her figure and her loosened hair set off the paleness of her cheek. But 't is not for an old soldier to write aught but soberly, the rather sticking to plain facts than overventuring many words. Now as to the words she spoke, I do think the roughest there did look downward and abashed as they were uttered. By this while she had stepped clean affront of me. As she spoke I think her head o'ertopped mine own. Never again do I look to hear a voice at the same time so sweet and so proud as was hers.

“Master Burwell” (saith she) “if thou keepest one of us two here prisoner let it be the woman who hath come to mourn a dead husband, not the man who is most kindly protecting her. If keeping me a prisoner can make up even

in part what certain ladies on your side have suffered in this most unhappy war — if this be so ” (quoth she) “ I pray you let Master Jarvis go free and keep Elizabeth Bacon.”

Now lest this part of my tale be as wearisome to the readers as ’t was to the writer thereof I do reckon I had better not linger over it. Still before going on to tell of our captivity in general I must go back and tell a little more concerning that same night. There be few men indeed who can quite resist such words as were then spoken by Madame Bacon — nor I must own was so much beauty and nobility lost on Master Burwell. But in sooth he was a young gentleman who kept too tight a rein over himself to let the reins slip off the necks of other people. There were some of the others I think who were fain to let me go and that without keeping her prisoner in my

place, but he had no mind for such concessions. We were well treated and entertained that night but no less securely locked up. Madame Bacon as a talking servant did tell us had the very same room wherein her husband died and I myself a chamber next to it. And next morning after seeing from my window Master Burwell ride off on other business I was told by the same servant aforementioned that we were left as honourable prisoners in charge of several others left to hold the house till further orders from Sir William Berkeley.

Now as I have said once before I will not linger long over this time of imprisonment. As day by day passed I own I did find it hard and harder to bear at such a time; in the one house in Gloster County where we had counted on a welcome from friends held in durance of the enemy. As to what might be a going on at King's Creek even now, or whether

all there were not already over, and even West Point itself in the hands of Sir William, I knew not any more than the dead. The black who did bring my meals to me did either know naught concerning it or was else bound to silence as to the same. With Madame Bacon I might not communicate, and as to what her thoughts might be, so locked up alone in that chamber, I did not know. When one day I questioned the black-amoor concerning what had there passed; the illness of General Bacon, the death, preparations for burial and so forth, on the former point I did find him talk fast enough, but on the latter he did mysteriously shut eyes and shake head. Then he said that as for the corpse he did believe there was somewhat about it to mark the plague of Heaven. Neither had he himself seen it nor another of the household save only the Master. From the time of death till its midnight tak-

ing off by Master Lawrence and Drummond it had been kept as 't were hushed and hidden. And as to where they had buried it, in what part of the woods or swamp (for in some such place it must be) he knew not. He had spent the whole of one Sunday since, he owned, a looking for the grave, but could not find it. 'T would be doubtless well hidden somewhere or other. This being all I could get out of him on this point there seemed naught else but my own musings to fall back on, and but for a closet of books by the fire-place I do not know, what I would have done before the last day came.

Now 't was on the even of that day, it being the sixth of our captivity, that our deliverance came thus to pass.

'T was too dark for me to read, I mind, and my supper being done I was standing by the window looking forth and awaiting for the black to fetch away

what was left. I was standing, say I, when I perceived not far away below under some trees the figure of a tall woman. She was looking up as at the window but her face I could not see. It did seem to me rather darker than lighter than her garments as that mayhap of a negress might be, but there was that of such difference in her mien and carriage as puzzled me. It did strike me as I gazed that not even Madame herself could quite equal it for the majestic; and it also seemed unto me that somewhere or other I had seen that form before. As (after looking awhile right curiously) I did lift my hand to tap on the window it made a gesture of silence and was gone.

Now 't will be easy to guess that I did not go to bed that night very soon. It seemed unto me that somewhat was going to happen. Nor was I disappointed when at about eleven of the clock I

heard a sound, as of somebody under my casement. 'T was not long before I had it open and was looking out to behold lo ! a ladder set against the wall of the house and coming up the same ladder somebody I knew not whom ; till presently that person being got to the top I did perceive it to be the same person whom I had seen, and that person the Indian so called Queen of Pamunkey.

Now on first perceiving this I was speechless with amaze, the while she looking around the room, as for some other person, was also silent. Then saith she presently somewhat in the Indian speech, which seeing I understood not she was again silent. Then as one making a great effort saith she after awhile " Where she ? Where lady ? "

Then seeing she meant Madame Bacon I did say in reply " There ! " and I pointed to the next room, which perceiving she did draw back her head and

look to see if there were a window on that side. I had guessed from the first 't was for our rescue she had come. When she did therefore sign unto me to come down after her and that quickly I did gather up my few belongings and follow her. With due caution I stepped down and 't was not many moments before we stood before the foot of the ladder.

Now before I had quite got to sense what was befalling, she had shifted the ladder to madame's window and was making as if to go up, but I laid my hand on her arm, and saith I to her, "let me!" Whereupon she did draw back and look hard at me. But saith she at last, "Go!" Whereupon I went up myself to settle that matter.

Now there was a curtain afore the casement, tho' not quite drawn, and afore looking in I did tap softly upon the pane. But no answer came; which

perceiving and bethinking me that Madame might be abed I did scarce (being afraid to knock louder) know what to do — when my eyes catching the gleam of light through the crack I did without further parleying with myself put my eye to it and look in, and this is what I beheld.

At a table in the midst of the floor was she sitting with her elbows on the same and face on hands. All around her was her hair which had fallen from its array and was as a golden flood adown back and shoulders. And it seemed me there a looking that I had never seen such a beauteous Shape of Sorrow as this.

Then I tapped again on the window and saith I softly Madame !

And this hearing she did raise a pale face, with great eyes and look at me. Then at a sign from me she came to the casement and straightway drawing the curtain unfastened it.

Then I told her in a low voice of the most unlooked for deliverance that had come to us. Likewise I said there was no time to be lost if we would get to the River and across before dawn. Truly she was not one to keep folk waiting when once her mind was made up. In ten minutes time she was safe below. As for the one there awaiting us neither was she inclined to tarry. The ladder (as did appear) she had got from under a pear tree hard by, when at her instance I had helped to set it back in place she gave sign to us to follow her. What spell she had laid on the dogs to stop their barking I know not but I mind how strange it did seem to me afterwards that we neither saw nor heard one that whole time, as getting away from the house premises we did so follow across the fields to the woods.

Now we two people were to be sure in a right strange case. Out of door

and on foot at midnight under the guidance of a wandering Queen who had come to our deliverance we knew not by whom sent or wherefore. In sooth she made no tarrying to tell us then I trow. 'T was good work to keep up with her strides. 'T was a moonlighted night tho' cloudy and as we made across the fields we could see her gliding afore like a great ghost. When we came to the edge of the wood she did turn and wave her hand as who would say, fear not! Come on! I did look to see Madame press forward with new vigor then, but lo! at the wood's edge she shrank back and paused.

Then the Indian woman drew nigh and looked earnestly at her as if wondering, even as I did myself, at that. 'T was indeed a right strange sight to see them thus, those two, looking at one another, there in the moonlight 'gainst the dark of the wood in front.

So presently the Queen did say,
 " Why no go with me ? "

Then that other gave a strange wild
 look all around her but said nothing.

Then saith she of Pamunkey again,
 " Why no go into wood ? "

And 't was then at last that the truth
 did burst forth. For saith Madame
 (again looking round) " I cannot yet.
 I cannot go without seeking where they
 have hidden him. You must help me
 look for my husband " (quoth she).

Now, with that the Indian Woman
 did give her a right strange curious look.
 Once she did ope her mouth as if to say
 somewhat, then all on a sudden turning
 she did catch Madame by the arm and
 lead her straight into the wood.

Now under the trees it was dark at
 first, but as we went the clouds did pass
 away from over the moon, which then
 a-shining did as 'twere whiten the
 tall trunks and branches and throw their

shadows black below. We were in no visible path that I could see, but little difference did that seemingly make to her our dark-skinned guide. Save for skirt-ing now and again some fallen trunk or mayhap some clump of bushes or sink-hole, she did press right on so that even my man's legs were fain to lag behind. More than once I saw that Madame Bacon made as if to pause by these last, as if to ask of the very myrtle thickets Where ? as one who fain would plunge to inmost middle or deepest depth. But that other drew her straightly on as I followed. Was there in all Virginia then, I do wonder, another, white or red, who could so have led (even as a very little child) this proud woman ? Many a time since have we two — But I will not so estray. Enough to say how 't was verily as one in a dream that I went till we did come to what next followeth.

'T was how long by the clock I know

not, nor neither far by miles when we came out of the thick wood into that clearing—for in this part-wilderness where we were now a wandering 't is hard to keep count of either time or distance. Still out into it we came, and there the moon shone bright as day. And in the midst of that same clearing under some trees was a house that it did appear to me I had seen once before. 'T was a cabin, seemingly empty, for both window and door were wide open, a-hanging from half open hinges and naught but blackness could one see inside. A most lonesome look it had, and a strange, standing there, casting its black shade on the white moonlighted space. And as I gazed I did know all at once it to be the same cabin that Madame and I had come across nigh a week before.

Now, it did seem that even the Queen of Pamunkey was fain to pause here a

moment and gaze round her. As we went across the cleared ground towards the house she did slacken her pace, and as we came to the black doorway she did stop and letting go of Madame's hand give a right long curious look within. In truth there was not much to see, for I (looking over her shoulder) could spy naught but emptiness inside, with the only sign of human folk having lately been there some charred sticks and ashes in the fireplace. This was all. Whosoever they might be who had so resolvedly there hid from us, as aforetold, they were now gone, and had left but this trace behind.

I was still standing there a-looking when a sound from Madame made me turn and look instead at her.

Now for the moment I had most forgotten her, and as I now laid eyes on her face I did see at once that she had clean forgot me. She was standing there with

a right strange look on her face and in her hand a bit of paper, which holding up in the moonlight she was gazing at as one might in a trance.

Then I took a step closer to her and saith I "Madame, what is it?" And at first she made no answer, yet when again I said "Madame!" she did at once as 't were awaken and look round. Then saith she as one speaking half to me, half to herself—"I picked it up but now from the ground, and 't is mine own name in his hand of writing."

Now I had no need to ask her whom she meant by that word "His." As she held the paper towards me I could see how that 't was but a small torn bit, and that thereupon was scrawled the name of Elizabeth. I was scarce well-acquaint with General Bacon's hand of writing and yet it did in sooth recall my memory of the same, notwithstanding being writ in so tremulous a fashion that one

might scarce trace such a likeness. Was 't any wonder that as I did look thereupon strange thoughts came a-crowding into my mind? Even the Indian woman (as appeared) did seem to know somehow that this was somewhat to be considered. By this while she had turned and was gazing as one marvelling what was toward now. As we looked thus one at another there did fall a dead silence — and 't was in the midst of this same that there brake on mine ear a sound of horses' feet coming through the wood beyond. As that sound drew nearer and nearer I could presently also make out the voices as 't were of several men talking. Then (by this time we all a-listening) the bushes at the wood's edge began to crackle as there did ride through them a company of men. Now 't is an old saying oftimes true that if one talketh of Satan his imps will straightway appear. Though far be it from me to so miscall

our late leader I could not but think of this same saying when I saw by the moonlight that the one riding at head of this company was no other than Lieutenant Walklet.

XIII

THE NARRATIVE OF MISTRESS
ELIZABETH GODSTOWE CON-
TINUED

*****HIS is to certify that I hav-
*****ing read the account so
*****T***** kindly writ for me by Mas-
*****ter Jarvis and finding it fit
*****in with mine own do now go on to tell
what next happened. Now to begin
where he leaveth off I must pass by, ex-
cepting in briefest mention, the days
that passed betwixt that night on
Hanged Man Hill and what befell on
the last night of all. That there was
some mystery on hand I did feel assured
of. As to who it could be that had
come that same night I did not know
nor will I here tell the strange guesses

and thoughts thereupon which would come a-bobbing into my head. That 't was somebody of importance, mongst the Rebels who had there appeared, and afterwards (as we perceive from our window) come to the house with Walklet, thus much I felt sure of, but as to who he was, was a question yet to be answered. 'T was as if a mystery had fallen all at once within the house. There was some one in the lower rooms abiding in secresy. And this I felt as 'twere in my very bones. Somewhat most unlooked for by the others had come to pass. There did seem to me a mixture of joyful excitation along with somewhat of added anxiousness even on the face of Major Whaley. 'T was so also with Walklet, when he sought next morning early an interview with Abigail and me. That he did suspect us we both knew, but in sooth he was less reproachful than I felt we might have

looked for. Tho' Abigail did admit that 't was a living man we saw as well as a living woman (and no ghost at all) she did yet not seem to feel in honor bound to say more. Once or twice, even as he had done the night before, I saw him look o'er her shoulder as if he would fain say somewhat to me. More than once the thought crossed me that he most wished Abigail were for a while not there. Yet he did not seek speech with me apart from her, nor did he invite full confidence of either by revealing aught more on his side. So as we did meet we parted, each but partly satisfied. Neither was I in sooth altogether pleased with my position that time. 'T is no pleasant thing to feel oneself a stand between, nay worse, even as 't were a traitor to both sides. Tho' this was not mine own choosing I do own it vexed my soul. As to the night of Master Burwell's purposed attack, I was right

glad of that happening which had prevented even Abigail's knowing the very time and hour. 'T would have weighed on my mind too sorely indeed. But whosoever readeth this need not be told I reckon that I awaited with small patience for what might come.

And so time passed — till the third night after that told of.

Now I did know in the morning of that day that there was somewhat in the wind. Even the day before there had been much riding to and fro both up the river to West Point and cross country to Green Spring. What might be the next happening I knew not; but I would watch, not sleep that night I made up my mind. As we did undress that night I saw in Abigail's eyes pretty much the same resolution. 'T was long after our good aunt was a sleeping that we sat by the window waiting without anything having come to pass. But in

sooth our patience was at last duly rewarded. 'T was mayhap eleven o' the clock when we saw Master Walklet set off toward the river on horseback, with several other Rebels all seemingly bent on some special expedition.

'T was a mild night and moonlighted. That they crossed the river we could see as well as hear. Awhile we waited for the boats return but it came not. Then I own that sleep got the better of us both. 'T was not in our plan, to be sure, when we lay down for a while, but before long I did hear Abigail breathing heavily. Then lo, and behold the next thing I did know was that I also knew nothing. Now how long we slept Heaven knoweth, not I, but what at last awaked me was no less than a noise of shots and shouts below. As I have said before there were Sentries posted some way without the house in the garden and shrubberies. 'T was (as I learned

afterwards) from these same outposts that the aforesaid noise did come. As I did get to my feet and run quaking to my window I guessed what was a coming next.

Now by this while the moon was so far towards the back of the house that the shadows in front, both of the house itself and of trees and shrubbery around did make darkness on that side blacker than ordinary. In sooth nothing could I see, but from the place where the outermost Sentry had stood I did hear as it were deep groans and also a sound as of voices speaking in great excitation. Down below-stairs there was running to and fro, slamming doors, making ready I could perceive either for a sally forth or to meet an attack. That some blunder had been made in the conduct of this attack I did guess, and as the event showed that rightly. As a surprisal it had somehow miscarried. But

the end was not yet, and 't is mayhap no wonder that my heart went sick at the thought of what might come. I was leaning against the window-seat right heavily, indeed I reckon was even holding on to the same when two hands from behind did catch hold of, and push me to one side.

As did appear Abigail had awaked with that first noise even as I had. As she now stood straining her eyes even as I did through the window there did come a screech as 't were from my poor aunt. In sooth she too was awake tho' still in her bed. Then crieth she "Abigail! Dear Child! Are you crazy? Would you be shot at that window? Back to your bed, Aye even under, for 't is in these times the only safe place. Lord! Lord! what be we coming to!" — and so on. Then seeing that we both stood even where we were she did up and lay hold upon us. 'T was not only Abigail who

(as in general) did oppose her. I own that I too clung to my place. All I wanted in sooth was to see, but there was to be no more seeing outside for us. In came the maids also, trembling and screeching. So there were we held in the midst of them till all at once there came a shock that made all the windows rattle and the very walls shake, being naught but a volley of musketry against the front of the house answered on the instant by a rattling volley from within.

Now in sooth for the screeching around me I could hear little of what followed. 'T was "Oh, Lord!" and "Murder! Murder!" in my ears too loud for the clear hearing of anything further off. But that the firing on both sides continued I knew, with more than one outside shriek as from killed or wounded. Mayhap Abigail put up a prayer for one there, even as I, a

thanksgiving that one other was away. Then even while the words passed through my mind there did come as 't were a break, a sudden scatterment of the assailants, and then what doth come but another noise, shouts as of friends a coming and horses' feet swiftly making to the door. Now by that while I had got away from the hands holding me, only not towards the window but the door. In sooth I could bear no longer to be there so penned up. And even as I oped the door I felt Abigail pressing behind me. In one moment we were out and looking over the railing right into the hall below.

Now I have said before that the stair opened down in the hall very nigh the great front door. As we stood there this is what we saw by the light of the hanging lamp in the midst.

In the hall below close to the door and making as if to open it was a man

standing half dressed and bare headed yet with gun in hand as if ready to lead a sally, and by his side making as who would even by force keep him back was Major Whaley. Behind them I did perceive the hall to be full of men, gun in hand but all strangely silent. But truly to these last I gave hardly a full look. 'T was that one in front who drew my gaze as by a spell. Whispered Abigail in my ear "that is he" but in sooth I needed not her telling. 'T was the man who had come up the hill that night. Now I partly saw the face that I could not see then. And 't was a death-like face and sharp as with much late suffering. Not exactly the face of anyone I did know but it seemed unto me even in this dim light that I had seen it before. 'T was as one in a dream that I clung to the banister and heard what was spoken there below. Saith Major Whaley very earnestly "I tell thee thou

art not equal to this. Save thy strength for more important service." To which the other made answer shortly "Better wear out than rust out. Here! (quoth he) we are wasting time, come on!" And with that he wrenched the door open, then drew back with a low cry as at somewhat unlooked for. 'T was as one who seeth flesh and blood dearly loved in dire danger that he saith "Elizabeth!" but 't was as one who seeth a ghost from the other world that the person thus spoken to did pause in the doorway and stand gazing. 'T was my cousin Elizabeth Bacon indeed looking like one who had come far, with riding-dress mud besplashed and hair a falling around her death pale countenance. Also standing there outside I dimly saw Captain Jarvis and Walklet, and those others who had gone with the latter. But in the midst was a face of one who had not so gone, and 't was that which

next to Madame Bacon's did draw my eye. 'T was in sooth as dark a face as her's was white, being no other than the Indian Queen of Pamunkey. Of the late attackers there was neither sight nor sound and as we stood there gazing at each other one might for the moment have heard a pin fall, 't was so still.

Now as those two stood there gazing at each other I did note as 't were a sudden change come over the man. Once or twice he strove to speak but no word came. There was somewhat about it all that did send over me a shiver. As for her she went even whiter than before and did reach out her hands which he taking drew her quickly within. 'T was as one who awaking from a dream that he then shook himself. Saith he to her "Back here behind me, quick ! Dost thou know the risk thou art running ? Wilt thou be shot before my eyes ?" So he strove



to put her behind him but at word of danger to her, her only thought did seem to be of him — for she so far from obeying his motion did spread her arms abroad and stand as a shield to his breast.

Then saith she, “Thou shalt not go to thy death save over my body. I do know indeed (saith she) the danger. I have been thy guard once before, so again” —

And what more she would have said but for what happened next I know not. What I do know is but that same happening. Never shall I forget the grace, gentleness, and dignity with which he did take hold of and put her behind him. “Thou hast been my guard once to my shame (saith he). Now for my honour’s sake let me be thine.” And then e’en as the words were spoken and e’en as he did reach out a hand to draw in also the Indian

woman, there came that shot out of the darkness. Truly I think despite his warning all the others had somehow got a notion that the enemy, already worsted, had betaken themselves clean away — but in this it seems they were sorely mistaken. 'T was right strange how that same shot did pass by those others outside to strike the one it did. I did see Captain Jarvis and Walklet rush forward but too late. As he fell the men closed round him like a wall — but 't was on the breast of that wife who would fain have given her life for him that his head lay when I last saw it living. As he fell I did see his face plain for the very first time, and I think I need not tell whosoever may read this strange tale that, was no other than the countenance of my supposed dead kinsman, General Nathaniel Bacon.

Now the final end of this my story

is not the least strange part. In the days to come, mayhap when I am dead and gone, how much wonderment it may cause to some to find and read this account which I have wrote I can very well understand. Yet that it is true, no less than strange, many others can bear witness of.

It hath ever seemed to me a pity that the true time and manner of my cousin Nathaniel Bacon's death should have been kept secret, seeing how 't would have advantaged his memory to have it clearly set forth. Truly he died as he would have wished to die — not in a bed of sickness but at the head of his men, and also as 't were in the very honourable act of wiping off that former dishonour which hath stood as a blot on his chivalry. That he who had made shield of a woman should so at last in shielding a woman perish, this was surely well befitting; and for mine own

part I have ever regretted the fear which falling upon all bound all over to such deep secrecy. Tho' 't was after all the Rebels who did get the best of it in the fight at King's Creek, Major Whaley, from the time of that death, which so soon followed, giving up all for lost (as in sooth it was) did so bind all over by solemn oath to keep what had befallen, for the present at least secret, that not one durst break it either then or after. Even then Sir William's own ship was hovering in the river ready to pounce like a hawk on it's prey. Despite my Uncle Bacon's loyalty his namesake's bones would (but for that secret so kept) have swung on a gibbet. There was great search for them in Gloster some time later. Little did they know how peacefully he lay on the other side of the River, the true grave kept secret, no less than the false one. As to the exact place of it even now I will not

speak. On the side of Sir William Berkeley the only ones to know that spot were my Uncle Bacon and Master Lewis Burwell. As for my uncle, after all blood is thicker than water; and as for Master Burwell, howsoever set he might have been against the living, he was minded to leave the dead in peace. 'T was but a few days after this closing fight that the surrender of all came to pass. It was followed in sooth by the flight of many. Even before Sir William's landing and stay at King's Creek Madame Bacon had gone her way back to Curle's Neck again under escort of gallant Captain Jarvis. That she should have afterwards married him was no matter of wonder to me though some there were who thought it a strange thing. In those troublous times 't was the best a woman could do, especially a woman so situate as she; but I doubt if Captain Jarvis ever filled that heart

which Nathaniel Bacon by tragic death had left empty. As for the Queen of Pamunkey, she having after her sort atoned for the matter of Wilford, did also go her way up the river. Never shall I forget my last sight of her. 'T was that same morning after the fight, and not an hour after the Rebel Leader had breathed his sure enough last. 'T was out back of the house in the open that I bade her farewell. Once, twice, she raised her hand and waved it on high after the manner of her race. Then saith she "I bring her safe. So I make up for that," and then with one more wave of the hand towards Hanged Man Hill she turned away and was gone towards the woods. How she did hear of Madame Bacon's imprisonment I know not, but 't is certain that but for her that lady would ne'er have seen her husband again alive. Nor neither would Master Walklet's party have returned

in time for any service in what befell. As for him Master Walklet, who is now mine own dear husband, I am glad to think how 't was I, partly at least through my own pleading with Sir William, who did obtain his pardon. To be sure there were two others to speak up for him. Master Burwell was ready enough I trow, after some certain speech with Abigail, which set him straight in that matter to speak for one only a rival in fancy. Truly there was nothing he would have refused her, I think, at that time. He was one of them sorely hurt in the fight that night, and 't was while Abigail herself was nursing him through the illness of that wound that they did come to a proper understanding, even as I about that time with another. 'T was not Abigail after all that he had in his heart preferred; tho' but slow in speaking out that same preference. Had he been the main leader at King's Creek,

I have sometimes bethought me, that matters might have ended somewhat differently. Yet 'tis ever thus with women where their husbands are concerned. Doth not Abigail think to this very day the same thing in regard to Master Burwell? After all he had not headed the attack at King's Creek but was only second in command. 'T was not his plan to fire on the sentries and 't was this which being done so gave the first alarm. After that shot which did the worst harm of all there was a sally and some fighting behind outbuildings, shrubberies and so forth with more than one added to the list of killed and wounded. Howsoever in sooth the Rebels paid well for all afterwards. On the time following this I cannot dwell. It doth sicken me but to think of Sir William's stay at King's Creek, of the captures, the trials, the hangings before our very eyes of poor wretches left to dangle in

the wind. 'T was as if poor old white-headed Sir William, having once tasted blood would go on playing tiger forever, till the very King himself being told of it crieth out "The old fool!" Moreover 't was told that his majesty said "He hath killed in that naked country more men than I for my Father's murther." Nay, of all this I will not write any more, for it maketh the heart sick.

Now, to return once more to our Cousin Elizabeth Bacon. When she heard of these things I do reckon that in her heart she thanked God for one at least being safe in his grave. 'T was a strange chance that had led her twice to that hiding place which had saved him from a worser fate in Gloster County. Not till some time after this did she learn that her letter sent weeks afore was not answered because not received; for that the messenger (who did himself confess the same) was too eager to join the

Rebels to run (by presenting it) the risk of being sent back. Must I add how he not only did join, this poor creature, but got hanged for the same afterward. 'T was a bitter bad business, that, and all round, I trow. Yet for Madame Bacon, truly woman's forgiveness had gotten ahead of this knowledge, and indeed her name writ by him on that scrap of paper was enough to make his peace. After this she would have been once more his *White Guard* even from death ; and tho' this could not be I think she prized no less that small token. Nay, I more than think, I do know that when she went at last away from us 't was with a curl of his hair over against her heart.

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